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NEW STATESMAN

This is NOT a tank

Murray Sayle on Japan's new militarism — and new Chinese alliance.

Sam Silkin and the impossible trial

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Charles Dickens's letters · BP's phone book

Is Owen Unstuck?

The principles and the practice of Dr David Owen's Rhodesia policy have been superior to those of his predecessors in at least one major respect. He has been ready to assume, in framing a continuing strategy, that white settler rule is effectively at an end. As a result, he has avoided the obvious pitfalls of the 'internal settlement' and the pro-Smith implications of South African mediation. He has been able to do this largely because the veto-power (to put it no higher) of the Patriotic Front has been immense. Not only has it 'done the dying' for the independence of its country, but it has been able to do it without losing the support of the OAU or the African population of Rhodesia itself. Why then, at this critical moment, does the British Foreign Office lend itself to a 'destabilisation' of the Patriotic Front and an attempt to divide its military and diplomatic forces?

The question is a very serious one, because it has to be asked at a time when Britain's standing in independent Africa is very low indeed. The revelation that our government did not prevent highly-placed cowboys from running oil to Smith – coupled with the more important revelation that it could have done so if it had wanted to – has generated a stench of distrust at just the time we need it least. Dr Owen is not responsible for the blunders and deceits of previous administrations. But is this really the time for tricky manoeuvres between Nkomo and Mugabe? Not to mention daily swervings between Nyerere, Kaunda, Machel and the other leaders of the exposed African states who have put their own economies and their own credibility at risk for our policy.

One wonders whose 'advice' has been accepted here. Those elements in the Foreign Office who always yearned for a deal? The 'old Africa hands' who know how to handle these nationalist firebrands with a bit of stick here and a bit of carrot there? The whole point of our stand on Rhodesia has been to assist an unfettered transition into Zimbabwe. How is it going to look if we are still publicly toying with Smith up until the last moment? And failing even in the most amateur way, to keep it secret.

From Labour's general point of view, these questions are about to acquire special importance. The predictions we have been making for thirteen years are coming true very fast indeed. It was always obvious that Smith's regime was asking for a war, and very likely a war across frontiers as well as within them. It was also always pretty clear that such a war would produce some deplorable and revolting incidents of terror and counter-terror. The British Government began by losing its nerve on force, went on to lose its nerve over sanctions and now seems to be wavering on what had been some very useful diplomacy. There is a sharp distinction to be drawn between efforts at honest brokerage between the parties, and desperate attempts to be on all sides and be all things to all men.

The Conservatives and the sewer press will do their worst by way of atrocity propaganda. The appeal of this propaganda is candidly and blatantly racist, and it thrives on the related failure of our press to provide political news or background from Rhodesia in any depth. Socialists must therefore be ready to defend Labour's policy against some pretty tough and unscrupulous criticism. How can this task be performed if the government seems to change its policy every day, and to keep dark what it cannot explain?

Over the years, Smith's rebellion has been worn down by internal stubbornness and external militancy to the point where no shadow of its original arrogance remains. Those who have borne the weight of this period are about to get their country back. It is precisely the wrong time at which to allow Smith any say in the last-minute brinkmanship, or allow him to take any credit as a politician in choosing his successor.

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Notes on Politics and Power

The case of Mike Cooley, Lucas and TASS

Christopher Hird writes: The case of Mike Cooley, a shop steward in Lucas Aerospace, should worry anyone with an ounce of radicalism in them. His employers are trying to sack him and his union is apparently doing little about it.

Lucas Aerospace is a division of Lucas Industries, a large successful motor and aero component company. Cooley is one of the main architects of the Lucas Aerospace Shop Stewards Combine Committee's Corporate Plan – one of the first major attempts by a group of workers to devise an alternative to mindless defence of their jobs in the face of apparent economic reality.

In 1974 workers in Lucas Aerospace, which makes a lot of parts for military aircraft, looked back on five years in which their workforce had been cut by 5,000 to 14,000 and looked forward to further cutbacks. They wanted to keep their jobs but they didn't necessarily want to commit themselves to defending the products they made. They were also concerned about the continual trend of de-skilling and de-humanising work, which they could see all around them.

The Combine Committee, made up from the shop stewards in 13 unions in Lucas Aerospace's 14 plants, seemed an appropriate union structure in a large multinational, and set about devising an alternative strategy. The 1,000 page Corporate Plan was the result. It was an attempt to show what other products could be made by Lucas workers using existing skills.

The plan was not technical nonsense. Many of the people who helped produce it were highly qualified technicians, some were quite clearly the sort of people who could expect eventually to occupy important management posts.

Lucas's eventual response was unenthusiastic. They thought some ideas were unrealistic, liked some – which could be followed up at a local level – and criticised the number of socially useful products. Such products can, of course, only be made profitable if the government is a willing buyer: just like military aircraft.

Whatever the limitations of the report and its concept, it was clearly an important development for the labour movement: it was a glimmer of the possibilities of what workers could do for themselves. This may be the real reason Lucas management dislikes the plan, but whatever it is, in the last few months they have stepped up the pressure against Cooley.

Last December they began stopping his wages for the time he spent working on the plan and earlier this year warned him that he faced the sack if he continued to work on it. In July the personnel director, Mr A. Whitney, wrote to Cooley's union, TASS, saying the company was 'concerned about the actual time Mr Cooley has been available for the job for which he is employed.'

Whitney's letter showed that between December last year and May this year, Cooley had, on average, taken 4½ days a month unpaid leave to work on unofficial union business. Last week Lucas told me that they consider Cooley is spending a 'minimal' amount of time on his job. But their own figures show he is spending over three quarters of his time on it.

There is no dispute over work on the Corporate Plan being unofficial: the Combine Committee is not part of the national union negotiating procedure, even though it has conducted negotiations with Lucas in the past. However, Cooley has a letter from John Forrester, deputy general secretary of TASS, saying that the union executive agreed in principle with the Corporate Plan. And in 1977 the TASS national negotiating committee for the whole of Lucas accepted the plan when it was resisting some redundancy proposals.

Given this history, TASS's response to Whitney's letter seems surprising. Rather than writing back immediately, in defence of Cooley, the matter was referred to an industrial subcommittee, which has since reported back to the TASS executive. Their decision has not yet been made public, but it is believed that TASS will defend Cooley's right to work on official union business – never in doubt – but not to work on the Corporate Plan.

Lucas have already had one success in keeping Cooley off a company/union/government working party set up to discuss possible areas of diversification in the aerospace division. Earlier this year Lucas announced a reorganisation of their aerospace factories in Liverpool and Bradford, involving 2,000 redundancies. A government grant of £8 million persuaded them to restrict this to 1,000 and to agree to set up working parties at the two factories to discuss alternatives to the company's reorganisation proposals.

This was clearly a good opportunity to give the ideas in the Corporate Plan a wider airing and the 14 strong union negotiating committee wanted to co-opt Cooley on to one of the working parties. However, Lucas objected on the grounds that he was not a paid official of any of the unions in the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions. The CSEU – on which TASS is represented – accepted this company decision.

Last week a senior officer of one of the unions involved admitted to me that Cooley was an obvious person to have on such a committee and if TASS insisted on his presence the company would have to comply.

So why are TASS not taking up his case with enthusiasm? A bit of personal background may be relevant: Until 1969 Mike Cooley was in the Communist Party. He had a series of disagreements with them over foreign policy and especially over the way in which he considered they were undermining the democratic system of rank and file control in the union.

Cooley was also active in TASS – becoming national president of the union at the beginning of the seventies. During these years one of his main opponents has been Ken Gill, a member of the Communist Party and currently general secretary of TASS, which has a high proportion of Communist Party members among its full time officials.

To defend Cooley's job and his right to continue to work on the Corporate Report, Lucas workers will – not for the first time – be driven back to their own resources. Already they have asked their supporters to write direct to Lucas chairman Mr Bernard Scott, making their views known. But there is no reason to rejoice when letters from, among others, a Swedish professor of theoretical physics take over the job that workers hoped their unions were for.

Sanctions story

Bruce Page writes: The Shell Centre, and BP's Britannic House, aren't the only corporate citadels to be troubled about sanctions-busting. Inside London Weekend Television's towerblock on the South Bank, there is heart-searching over the fact that LWT's current affairs department had the whole story in its grasp several months ago – including BP's crucial 'confession' to the Bingham Inquiry – and managed somehow to miss it. The tale begins a year ago: it reveals a good deal about the weaknesses of current affairs TV, and about the tortuous processes through which stories like this reach the light of day.

Last summer an LWT journalist named Gerry Gable was approached by a 'middleman', who had obtained from a source inside BP a set of documents on sanctions-busting. Would LWT buy them? Gable knew LWT was unlikely to do so. But he was able to help the middleman find a purchaser for the documents, and obtain at the same time a promise that London Weekend would get journalistic use of the material. It is a reasonably obvious guess that the purchaser was Tiny Rowland's Lonrho – which is pursuing a lawsuit against Shell and BP, alleging that their sanctions-busting activities damaged Lonrho's African interests.

In September Gable saw Barry Cox, LWT's head of current affairs, who expressed interest and suggested that the story should be handled by *Weekend World*, the Sunday morning programme fronted by Brian Walden. During the autumn, Gable had some discussions with *Weekend World's* editor, David Cox, and with David Tereshchuk of the *World* staff. But *Weekend World* has always tended to suffer from the delusion that wrecked classical Greek science, namely that a lofty concern with universals entitles one to stand above the gritty experimental details of reality. (Cynics might say it also attracts less flak from the IBA.) David Cox's interest faded away: he and his colleagues saw no great significance in the documents.

BP, however, suffered no such difficulty – one of the documents, after all, was the minute of the conversation in which George, now Lord, Thomson was told that oil was reaching Rhodesia – and when they heard, also in autumn, that some of their documents at least were with Lonrho, their dismay was considerable. BP was just composing its submission to the Bingham Inquiry: unable to know just *which* documents Lonrho had, and which might therefore reach Bingham, the BP men saw no alternative to making a total confession. From this derives the peculiarly nail-driving quality of the submission document.

In March this year, Gerry Gable was sent a copy of the BP submission. However, interest in LWT was so thoroughly anaesthetised that he did nothing with it. In June, he received a

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new approach from his contact: would he like to meet Jorge Jardim, the Portuguese ex-Minister, who was about to publish a revelatory book on sanctions-busting? (It's a reasonable guess that Jardim got much of his BP documentation from Lonrho.) Gable agreed and met Jardim in company with Martin Short, one of LWT's most experienced investigators.

Meanwhile, the *Observer* ran an extract from Jardim's book, and the NEW STATESMAN (June 30, July 7) ran the detailed findings of Bernard Rivers and Martin Bailey, based on different sources. Interest rekindled in parts of the London Weekend apparat – indeed, there are colleagues who report that Martin Short, once he had read BP's Bingham submission, began to glow like an electric furnace. Barry Cox now admitted that something ought to be done – but what could he, as Head of Current Affairs, do? He was up against the rigid television convention that nothing happens in summertime, so programmes like *Weekend World* go off the air. The best he could do was an extension of the *London Programme*: the networks, certainly, would refuse to accommodate a 'special'.

Short and Gable now asked, and received, the right to take the material elsewhere. *Panorama* apparently had no vacant slots. But Granada's *World in Action*, not yet immersed in midsummer inertia, displayed interest. For a consideration, WIA received all the material the LWT men possessed – and then, on 31 July and 7 August, achieved the remarkable feat of screening two programmes on sanctions-busting which, though useful and informative, quite failed to convey the explosive significance of BP's 'confession'.

But the gods who care for oilmen were now exhausted. Granada had taken on Martin Bailey and Bernard Rivers as advisers. And, while the *World in Action* men were too secretive, during the making of their programmes, to disclose their source-material to their advisers, they did, at the end of August, honour an agreement to turn it over to Bailey and Rivers. Having been soaked for some years in the lore of sanctions-busting, they perceived the significance of the BP 'confession' without difficulty. Concluding that, after so much misunderstanding, only a large-circulation newspaper could make the necessary breakthrough, they took it to the *Sunday Times*. Inside Lonrho, at least, there must have been great relief.

Desai throws Thames in hot water

K. R. Sundar Rajan writes: Though the government of Prime Minister Morarji Desai has unshackled the press, its attitude to foreign TV coverage of 'sensitive' aspects of Indian society is not very different from that of the Congress Party. This is reflected in the refusal to permit Thames Television to do a 30-minute documentary on the condition of the scheduled castes (harijans). At the same time, New Delhi has allowed the BBC to make a film on Mr Jagjivan Ram, the harijan defence minister in the Desai cabinet.

Apparently, the Indian government is afraid that the TV film on the condition of harijans (formerly known as Untouchables) may provide grist to Mrs Gandhi's propaganda mill. She has been making excellent political capital out of some recent atrocities on harijans in Janata-ruled states, though there is no satisfactory evidence that harijan woes have increased since Janata's advent to power. It was her régime which tightened restrictions on international TV coverage following the controversial Louis Malle film on India

Many leaders in the Janata Party are embarrassed by the ban on Thames Television but they are not prepared to denounce it for political reasons. There is nothing to suggest that Thames Television will slant its documentary, if permission is given, in favour of Mrs Gandhi's propagandistic stand on the harijan problem, but nothing will currently suit Mrs Gandhi more than international co-operation, deliberate or otherwise, to smear Janata's record in a sensitive area. She had already sent a former Congress Party MP to the United Kingdom and America on an anti-Janata propaganda tour.

Free Speech

Czechoslovakia's 'good soldiers'

What were the Czechs going to do? All the press, it seemed, was looking to Prague with a kind of indecent intentness, hoping there might be some signs of protest.

Well – they did nothing. They were going to boycott the trams, but in the end they didn't. They 'stood solemn guard' near the statue of St Wenceslas, patron saint of the Bohemian Kingdom, where Jan Palach set fire to himself and died, but the police came and took their names, and so they went home. The police collected the flowers that had been laid under the statue, and put them in a rubbish bin.

Meanwhile, in London, a TV film showed the events of 1968. Russian tanks flattening a Prague tram. Crowds of people in the streets, banging tins and lids against the metal shutters of shops, pouring paint over the front of a tank, shouting in impotent frenzy, arguing with a tank crew who knew nothing of what they were doing. Crowds of people buying newspapers which once again could criticise the government.

Then the leaders of the Prague Spring were shown – among them the putschists of 1948 – in their exile in Florence and Paris, Basle, Munich and Brighton – explaining what went wrong, how they were duped, why in Moscow they had no choice but to sign on the dotted line.

But what the Sunday papers didn't mention and the TV film didn't show and the exiled leaders didn't say a single word about was the Czechoslovak Army.

Even now the lesson has not been learned. All the talk about the freedom-loving spirit of the population, and all the deeply decent appeals of the signatories of the Charter 77, perpetuate the terrible evasion which has been at the heart of Czech history these last 40 years.

Remember the anniversaries? 1938, 1948, 1968 . . . each time the government of the Republic was threatened and dismissed, parliament dissolved and the constitution set aside, the independence of the state destroyed and the nation humiliated . . . and each time the Army did not march.

Almost everything that has been said about Czech reactions to the Russian occupation of August '68 is said in evasion of this fundamental truth: for Czechoslovakia there is only one guarantee of national sovereignty – the readiness to defend the state by the use of arms. The self-importance of the media has obscured the fact that no freedom of the press can replace the will to national self defence.

But then, the Czechs have always been excellent propagandists. Two lines of argument led to the foundation of the Republic in 1918: one was based on Austro-Hungarian oppression of Czech and Slovak national life, the other on the achievements of their Legions on the French, Russian and Italian fronts during the last two years of the Great War. It was intelligent propaganda which made these arguments effective at Trianon and Versailles – propaganda, however, kept in check by the extraordinary integrity and candour of Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, the founder and first president of the Republic. His successor, Edward Benes, was not only a man of lesser stature, but one who (like many excellent propagandists) was apt to be taken in by exaggerated notions of his own diplomatic skills. His war-time agreements, first with Eden and Churchill and then, in the course of his stay in Moscow, with Molotov, as well as his post-war accommodations with the Czech communists, were designed to shore up the security of the state from all sides. His political strategy didn't work because, in the end, he could not back it by a credible appeal to national unity, let alone by a military defence of the state. And this, precisely, was the situation Alexander Dubcek had to face.

'Truth Prevails' was the motto T. G. Masaryk chose for his Republic. What it meant to him was that the Czechs' and Slovaks' claim to nationhood was inherently justified, and that in the end it had to prevail against Hungarian exploitation and Austrian oppression. But the motto is valid in another sense. The truth on which Hitler relied in 1938-39 is the same truth on which the Russians have relied since 1968: that the Czechs (let alone the Slovaks) would not fight.

After the Munich Agreement President Benes was leaving his official residence in Hradcany Castle. The story goes that, looking down on 'golden Prague, the city of a hundred spires', he said: 'They will thank me in the years to come. They will thank me for having preserved the city from destruction and saved the nation from annihilation.' He is not being thanked in Prague today.

Is it the right pattern? By and large, it seems, the Czechs have come to think so, and one thing is certain: in the foreseeable future the pattern will not be changed. Not, certainly, before the truth which prevails anyway is recognised: all talk of socio-political, economic and cultural reforms is illusory if there is no readiness to defend the integrity of the nation and the sovereignty of the state, not by manifestos but by the use of arms.

The author is a distinguished British academic, with relatives still in Prague.

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Christopher Hitchens: A trial built on broken promises

This week, the splendid and sonorous rules concerning contempt of court will prevent the appearance of any printed comments concerning the Official Secrets Trial at the Old Bailey (where our NEW STATESMAN colleague Duncan Campbell is one of the leading defendants). However, it remains possible to survey the history of Official Secrets legislation in this country and the way in which, with other pieces of ancient law concerning matters like Incitement to Disaffection, it has been used to criminalise the opinions of those who disagree.

Since a great deal will be written and said of the 'complexity' of the case, it may seem vain to point out how simple the basic issue really is and always has been. It concerns the right of the public to know, and the right of journalists to tell them. Since much lip-service is paid to 'open government' these days, it is only mildly surprising that the three defendants are charged under a section of the Official Secrets Act which the present government has promised to abolish. Second, provisions of the criminal law which were passed by Parliament in order to deal with espionage are now being employed to deter home-grown writers and to arraign them, furthermore, according to the contents of their filing cabinets. These may be held, if the police and the Attorney General are so minded, to constitute 'the collection of information directly *or indirectly* useful to an enemy'. The term 'catch-all' is not unfairly used of this provision.

In June 1948 there was a debate in the House of Commons on exactly this aspect of the matter. Tom Driberg, who had initiated the debate, recalled the words of Sir Gordon Hewart, Attorney General at the time of the original Act. Sir Gordon had assured the House thus:

> It is said that this Bill deals with the Press. That seems to me to be an astonishing statement, and it is strange that persons connected with the Press could say that this Bill deals with them . . . So far from asserting that that is something aimed at journalists, I should have thought that the first comment of a journalist reading that provision would be this: 'Whoever may be the persons referred to they are certainly not journalists'.

These remarks, which were made on 2 December 1920, with war fever and anti-German hysteria still very prevalent, made it repeatedly clear that only questions of grave national security were covered. In his reply to Driberg, the then Attorney General Sir Hartley Shawcross conceded that:

> It is true that certain sections – Section 1 of the Act of 1911 and Section 6 of the later Act, are restricted to cases of spying.

He did go on to say that 'the other Sections are of much greater generality' and indeed they are. But he was unable to resile from the assurance given by his predecessor in 1920.

In that earlier debate there had been prophetic speeches made by senior MPs concerning the wretched drafting of the Bill. Sir Donald Maclean pointed out that 'there is no proper definition of an official document and the words suggested by my right hon. friend (the Attorney General) are not sufficient to protect them. Then who is to decide what is prejudicial to the interests of the State?' A good question and a good point, as it turns out. Later on he said, the Act:

> is really seeking powers to strike at the root of public expression of free opinion in and through the Press and the liberty of the individual.

Sir Gordon Hewart displayed the uniquely disingenuous features which Attorney Generals used to have in those days. Of one MP's criticism he said wearily that the man

> actually permitted himself to say that the real intention of the Government in this Bill is to deal, not with spies, but with the opinion of men in this country. One might wonder how it is that those who profess the loftiest sentiments are always willing, or are frequently willing, to impute to their political opponents the greatest dishonesty and meanness.

Having stumbled on the truth, the gallant Sir Gordon picked himself up as if nothing had happened and went on about the unfair criticism which alleged that:

> we were endangering the most harmless persons who had somehow got a document which someone might describe as official and had kept it. There is only one thing to be said about these criticisms, but it is a serious thing. There is not the slightest foundation for them.

As the House divided that night (Ayes 143, Noes 34) not even the most malign critic of the Bill could have suspected that information *not* shielded by *any* law from the public gaze could one day form the basis of an Official Secrets prosecution.

It is apparently necessary that we fight this battle over official secrecy and press freedom every generation. In November 1939, a testing time for the nation by any standards, there was another debate in the House, this time featuring the notorious Home Secretary Sir John Simon. Mr Wedgwood Benn and Mr Dingle Foot both pressed him on the distinction between espionage and journalism. Sir John Simon (*Sir John Simon, in 1939*) was pleased to oblige:

> What it (the Official Secrets Bill) does is to substitute for Section 6 of the Act of 1920 an entirely new Section which limits these special powers of interrogation to cases of offences or suspected offences under Section 1 of the Acts of 1911 – that is to say, in practice cases of espionage.

Lest anyone should mistake his purpose – he was not above repeating himself – Sir John added two minutes later that 'it must be remembered that in future this power of interrogation will apply only to the grave offence of espionage'.

Mr Wedgwood Benn was moved to remark, in the circumstances of late 1939, that 'this is the only place in the world where a deliberate assembly is enlarging the freedom of the press'.

It was in the course of this debate that Jimmy Maxton recalled that a student from Sheffield had received twelve months under the Incitement to Disaffection Act for saying to an airman he met in a waiting room 'What about flying over to Spain and helping the Republicans?' It was agreed that legislation on secrecy should not be perverted in this way.

But of course it was, and is, and has been. In 1938, at a public meeting addressed *inter alia* by Kingsley Martin, Compton Mackenzie recalled the absurd prosecution brought against himself under the Act for publishing a book on the Balkans. He pointed out, with some foresight as well as hindsight that:

> This phrase 'official secrets' has become a bogy for the whole country and is used with extreme skill always to suggest in the mind of the general public that an act approaching espionage has been committed, an act against the safety of this realm. Any man accused of violating the Official Secrets Acts in whatever ridiculous way runs that risk of creating in the public mind a prejudice against himself.

A civil service official spoke at the same meeting to protest against the way the Act had been used to silence Civil Servants writing memos opposed to the Appeasement policy of the Chamberlain government in Abyssinia. No confidential papers had been used in writing the reports, but the government feared that they might be 'misunderstood' by Hitler and Mussolini. Kingsley Martin summed up the meeting by saying:

> I do not believe that anyone who remembers the disclosures of Lord Northcliffe and the old *Morning Post* about the (1914-1918) scandals of the High Command here and in France, would deny that they made it possible for blatant inefficiency to be remedied. I would go so far as to say that if there had been no public opinion expressed freely in the last war, the kind of horror we had at Passchendaele would have continued until the Germans were in Whitehall.

The pattern seems to have been a consistent one. Honourable and, in some cases, convincing assurances are given to the House. These are then broken by cops and bureaucrats who bully Attorney Generals into signing blank cheques.

Indeed, 'blank cheque' seems the appropriate word for the *fiat* signed by Sam Silkin last year. Duncan Campbell had already been charged under Section Two (the section Labour is committed to scrap). Here is how he was charged at the last minute under Section One (the section which deals with espionage).

> **The Official Secrets Acts, 1911 to 1939**
> Re Duncan Wilson Archibald Campbell
>
> IN PUSUANCE of my powers under the above-named Acts,
> I HEREBY CONSENT to the prosecution of Duncan Wilson Archibald Campbell of 31, Franklin Road, Brighton, for an offence or offences contrary to the provisions of the said Acts.

That's the lot. And it was signed by Silkin

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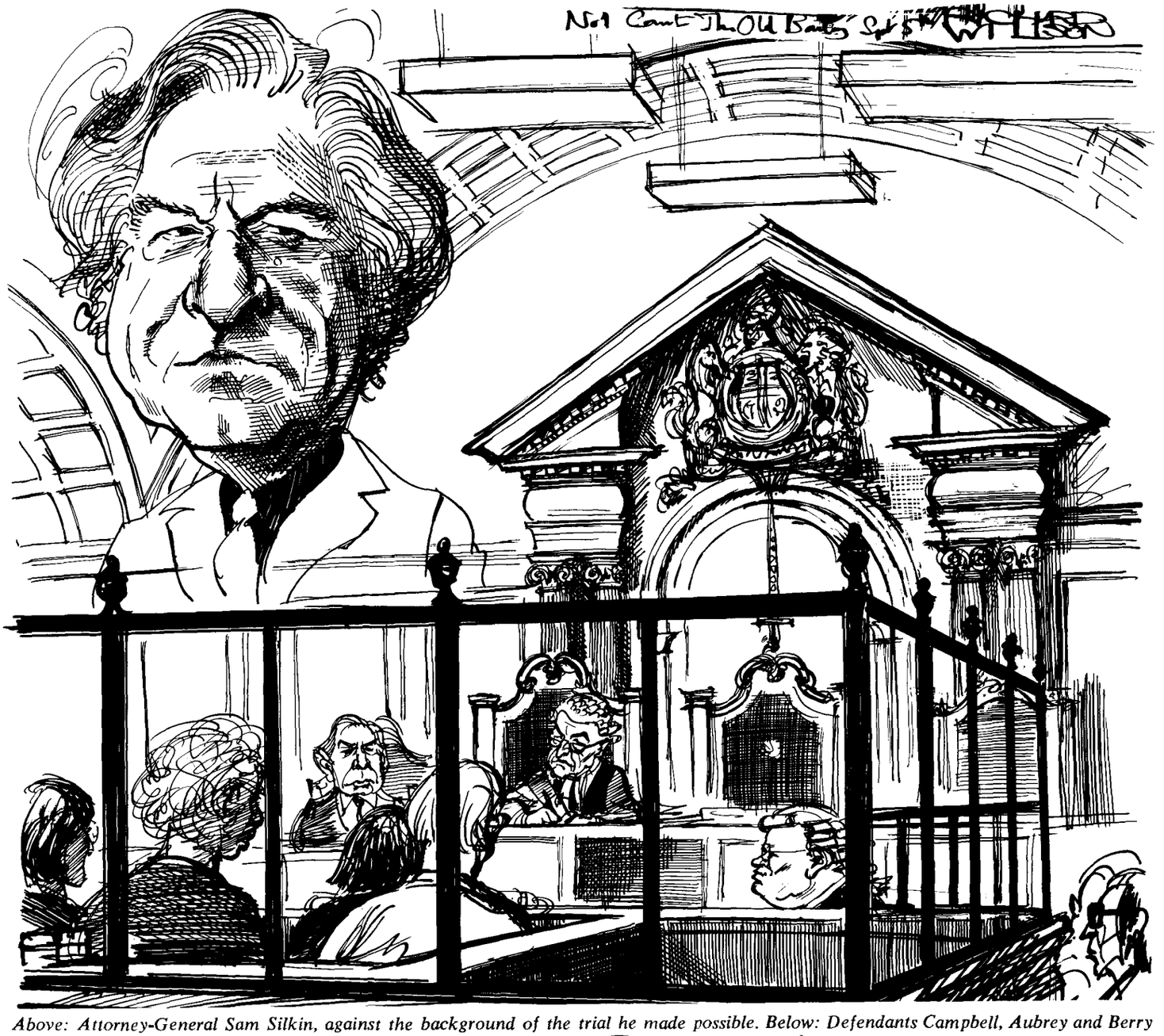

Above: Attorney-General Sam Silkin, against the background of the trial he made possible. Below: Defendants Campbell, Aubrey and Berry

on a Sunday (22 May 1977) to the surprise of defence and prosecution lawyers alike.

Tom Driberg, whose questions began this account, once discovered the essence of official secrecy. In his book about Guy Burgess, mention was made of a British intelligence plot against Albania in the late forties; a plot thwarted by the Russians who had Philby on their side at the time. The book was submitted to Admiral Thomson, who then liaised (it was 1956) between Fleet Street and the Secret Service. He was agreeable to every chapter except the one about Albania.

> I tried to reason with the Admiral. After all, I pointed out, I had written my story in Moscow, and Guy Burgess had cleared every chapter, including this passage, with his office, so the Russians already knew about it. What possible harm could there be in telling it now?
>
> 'Good heavens old boy' said the Admiral with a light laugh. 'It isn't the Russians we worry about. It's *the British public* we don't want to know about it.'

Just so. What about having an Act that only caught real enemies of the state?

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Will Japan lead us to World War III?

Some of the portents are there: the treaty with the Chinese; pressure to step up military spending and Japanese industry's over-capacity. **Murray Sayle** reports from Tokyo.

Out in this part of the world you won't need a pair of Nikon binoculars to make out the shape of an immense conflict, approaching steadily and unstoppably, like a column of tanks rumbling across the dusty North Manchurian plain. Such frantically signalled wars sometimes fail to arrive, are deferred, or deflected against unprepared third parties, but the Sino-Soviet dispute certainly seems to have all the classical ingredients: border clashes, ideological name-calling, ancient racial animosities, and a growing line-up of indisciplined and quarrelsome satellites, itching to fire the shot in Vientiane or Phnom Penh.

One ingredient has, up to now, been mercifully missing. Just on the historical record, it is hard to imagine World War Three starting in Asia without the participation of the industrious and, until recently, warlike Japanese. Japan holds many cards which might be played on the Asian mainland with decisive results; or, not played, keep the contestants uneasy and disinclined to rash moves.

China's weakness is greatest in the area of conventional armaments, and the Chinese military leadership are no longer the geriatric group who enjoyed their long ago propaganda-led pushover against Chiang Kai-Shek, but the considerably younger and more realistic survivors of the mechanised slaughter of Chinese 'volunteers' in Korea. China is clearly trying to regain the years wasted by the Cultural Revolution and the Gang of Four as fast as possible. Japanese industrial capacity offers the likeliest equaliser, or even decider, and a combination of Chinese manpower, patriotically inspired, and Japanese production is one which the Russians will *have* to fight to prevent – that is, if they want to keep the Asian empire which makes them a superpower.

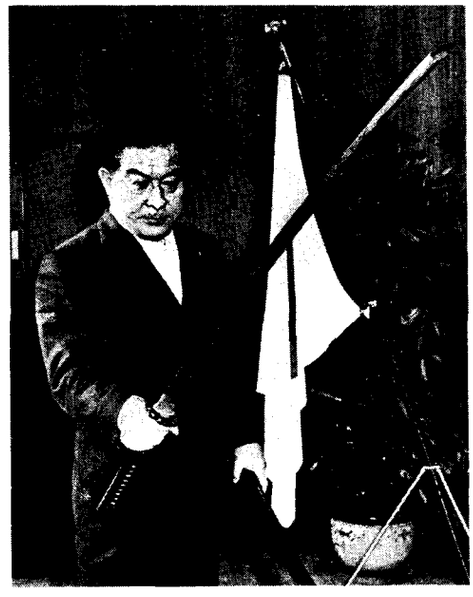
Japan's industrial capacity is now far greater, both relatively and absolutely, than the one which supported her armies in the 1930s. The pre-war steel capacity, 12 million tons a year, has now grown to 150 million tons; cars and truck output, then smaller than Britain's, is now 8 million units a year; the Japanese electronics industry which hardly existed is now the biggest in the world.

Japan's own military exploits, lest we forget (the Chinese and Russians certainly have not) include defeating one and fighting the other to a stalemate, scaring the United States out of isolation and calling the military bluff of the British Empire, all in forty busy years.

Peaceably making motor-bikes, Japan threatens nobody. The signs to watch for are the return of Japan to the Asian mainland, and the stirring of her sleeping military power. The past weeks, the same blazing August days which saw Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the end of World War Two, have produced both; apparently by coincidence, but in fact subtly meshed by the same problem, Japan's enormous industrial over-capacity and what to do about it.

On 12 August Japan and the People's Republic of China, through their respective Foreign Ministers, signed a Treaty of Perpetual Peace and Friendship. Acknowledging that *that* war is over may seem a sound, if somewhat obvious step; but what the Japanese have in fact done is to sign on for unspecified service on the Chinese side of the great Asian schism.

The China treaty has been hanging fire ever since the visit of former Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka to Peking in 1972. Tanaka, now on trial for taking a $2 million bribe from the Lockheed Corporation is no more of a Communist sympathiser than the next millionaire, but equally, as the son of a bankrupt horse-dealer, he is free of romantic Samurai notions about the threat which Marxism supposedly poses to Japanese spiritual values. What attracted him was the thought of 800 million customers for Japanese products. Tanaka 'normalised' relations with China, staged a make-believe break with Taiwan, and saw Japanese business with China steadily increasing, culminating in a $10 billion order for steel mills earlier this year.



Foreign Minister Sonoda at play.

Tanaka pressed for a formal treaty as well, but negotiations stalled on the celebrated 'hegemony' clause. In place of the struggle against capitalism and imperialism, as mainly practised by the United States, the Chinese are now bending all their efforts in the fight against the hegemony which the Soviet Union is supposedly trying to establish both in Asia and Europe, and the mini-hegemony which Vietnam is allegedly trying for in South-East Asia. The Japanese, not wanting to irritate the Russians, declined a place in the anti-hegemony crusade.

Three months ago the present Japanese Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda ordered the negotiations resumed, apparently believing that the Chinese were willing to fudge the hegemony issue. Although Tanaka is maintaining a low profile as a kind of penance, his faction is the biggest in the Japanese ruling Conservative party and his industrial backers continue to be enthusiastic about doing business in China, convinced that there must be more orders where the $10 billion steel mill came from.

The negotiations were on again, then off again, then on again. At length Japanese Foreign Minister Sunao Sonoda, a faithful Fukuda henchman left for Peking and came back six days later with the treaty signed. It is mercifully brief, only 500 words of Oriental flannel wrapped around a gritty core:

> Article II
>
> The contracting parties declare that neither of them should seek hegemony in the Asia-Pacific region or in any other region and that each is opposed to efforts by any other country or group of countries to establish such hegemony.

Asked why Japan had accepted the Chinese thesis on hegemony, which was obviously aimed at the Soviet Union, Foreign Minister Sonoda said that there was absolutely no reason why the Russians should object to the treaty, pointing to Article IV which says:

> The present treaty shall not affect the position of either contracting party regarding its relations with third countries.

Anyway, said Sonoda-San, he had been told in Peking that the Chinese next year intend to denounce their 1950 treaty with the Soviet Union which pledges the two Communist states to perpetual co-operation against *Japanese* imperialism, so obviously this had nothing to do with the Russians. The Chinese have not repudiated this roundabout rebuff to Moscow.

Altogether Foreign Minister Sonoda turned out to have an unusual and original style of peacemaking, which includes an hour's practice every morning at *iaido*, the Japanese martial art based on drawing a sword, decapitating an imaginery opponent, wiping off the blood and returning the sword to its scabbard, all in one flowing, poetic motion. The point of rehearsing this person-to-person Pearl Harbour, Sonoda explained, was to sharpen his mind for the finer points of the negotiations, such as the inclusion, at Japan's insistence, of Article IV.

Moscow is not impressed. The treaty, said Tass coldly, is aimed at the Soviet Union, and two hapless Japanese fishery negotiators have already had their visa ex-

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THE TIMES

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Above: this may look like a Mitsubishi tank, but in Japan's euphemistic military jargon it is a 'special purpose vehicle'. How long before such vehicles join the country's booming export trade? Right: paratroops, part of Japan's 237,000 'Self Defence Forces', under training.

tensions refused. In Peking the jubilant *People's Daily* said the signing of the treaty 'proclaims the ignominious bankruptcy of the Soviet social-imperialist plot to interfere and sabotage.' Chairman Hua Kuo-feng, no less, said that China 'regards the anti-hegemony clause as binding, and it will dictate China's activities in the future.'

Japanese business circles are uniformly delighted, one executive of Ishikawajima Heavy Industries saying that his company was hoping for arms export orders, a statement which would have been unthinkable in Japan even a year ago. Things are moving, like Sonoda's sword, unexpectedly and very fast.

Not fast enough, however, for General Hirumi Kurisu, Japan's top-ranking soldier, who was dismissed late last month from his post of chairman of the joint staff council for saying that his troops would have to 'go beyond the limits of the law' if Japan were to be the victim of a surprise attack.

The general's obsession with surprise attacks may be traced back to his World War Two service with the Japanese Navy.

At the end of the war, young Lieutenant Kurisu was working in counter-insurgency on the island of Borneo, being, as he says, 'in charge of spies and guerrillas.' His Australian captors investigated him as a possible war criminal, found nothing solid, and handed him over to the Dutch, with similar results. He got home in 1949.

Back home the job prospects of a professional soldier looked dim indeed, in view of the firm wording of Article 9 of the new Japanese Constitution, drawn up by General MacArthur's headquarters and approved by the rubber-stamp Japanese Parliament:

> Art 9. Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order, the Japanese people forever renounce war as the sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as means of settling international disputes.
>
> In order to accomplish the aim of the preceding paragraph, land sea and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained. The right of belligerency of the State will not be recognised.

When the Korean War broke out, MacArthur had second thoughts and ordered the formation of the National Police Reserve of 75,000 Japanese ex-soldiers, armed with surplus American weapons. Kurisu enlisted, did his jumps as a parachutist, and began about as prominent a career as anyone can have in the half-furtive, half-legal Japanese Self Defence Forces.

Japan, whatever Article 9 says, has 234,000 men (and 3,000 women) under arms. But they are, according to the law, civil servants, and they can leave any time they like (what in other countries are called deserters are asked, but cannot be compelled, to give three weeks' notice). Their role is supposed to be fastidiously defensive, to the point where there are no landing ships to ferry the tanks (called 'special purpose vehicles') from Japanese island to Japanese island, no bomb-sights on the Phantom fighters, no ammunition in the sentries guns. Remembering Japan's 800 years of military dictatorship, civilian control, which actually means tactical command by bureaucrats, has been carried to the point where a Japanese commander cannot give the order to advance, or fire, or even to retreat, without getting the permission of the Prime Minister and the full Cabinet.

The Japanese Self Defence Forces in fact answer to no military purpose, but have developed out of a long series of deals between the ruling Conservatives and the Japanese Opposition, perpetually suspicious and fearful of the military.

The result has been the modest Japanese military budget, now .88 per cent of GNP, proportionally the smallest of any industrial nation, and the backwardness of the Japanese armaments industry, which is plagued by short production runs, high prices, not enough funds for R & D and lack of testing in the field – a most un-Japanese plight for a once booming Japanese industry.

Article 9, renouncing war, had also hobbled Japan's war industries, but in the boom years there were plenty of other customers and Article 9 kept company taxes down, as well. General Kurisu, throughout his post-war military career, has had a different complaint about Article 9: pacifism is poor preparation for combat. Perhaps because of his own war experiences, Kurisu blames the Americans who have, he complains, 'lulled Japan into sleep on defence matters.'

He has certainly done his personal best to rouse the sleeping giant. In 1972 there were unseemly scuffles with Japanese leftists when Kurisu, then a Major-General, paraded the 13th Division of the Ground Self Defence Force in full battle gear through the streets of Hiroshima, of all places, explaining that he wanted to raise morale. Appointed to the top uniformed job last year, he sent another shudder through Japanese with long memories when he proposed that the chairman of the Joint Staff Council should have Cabinet rank and thus, as in the good old days of Japanese militarism, have direct access to the Emperor.

As part of his campaign to bring Japan's military out of the closet, Kurisu has been making frequent public statements, all along the general lines that the Russians are coming. His thinking here is clear: the frugal Japanese are not likely to vote for a doubling, or tripling of the military budget unless they can be shown an enemy with designs on the homeland itself. Last May, Kurisu announced that the Russians had just completed what he described as an invasion exercise on Etorofu, one of the small islands just off Northern Japan which were seized by the Red Army in the last few days of World War II.

This was, in fact, true enough: a Soviet combined operation *had* taken place, duly photographed by an American satellite and reported to the Japanese and other interested parties. But we're not supposed to say such things publicly in peace-loving Japan, and Kurisu's statement was hastily denied by the Director-General of the Defence Agency, Shin Kanemaru, the civilian head of the Japanese military forces.

The general continued his busy round of interviews with foreign correspondents and Japanese journalists, as well as taking brush in hand himself to write articles for the numerous Japanese magazines published for old soldiers and military enthusiasts. Asked by the Toyko *Weekly Post* what he would do about a surprise attack on Japan, Kurisu replied 'We would have to go above the law to deal with it'. A

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few days later Kanemaru announced that Kurisu had been dismissed for 'challenging our cherished institution, civilian control of the military.'

Prime Minister Fukuda seems to have been in two minds about the sacking of his top general. 'It cannot be helped' he said. 'It's just like the Emperor's words. Once spoken, they cannot be rescinded.' However, he has ordered the Defence Agency to start studies on new legislation to deal with emergency situations, and plans for combined operations by the three Japanese services, thus going a long way towards endorsing what Kurisu had to say.

As for the general himself, all the indications are that he's going into politics. Kurisu is 57, fit as a trout, and he has signed up for a programme of lectures to business groups and TV appearances stretching well in to the New Year. A Parliamentary opening is tailor-made for him in the Upper House with the retirement of General Minoru Genda, one of the planners of Pearl Harbour, who has been a lone pro-military voice in Japanese politics for years. Kurisu should make a dynamic replacement.

Fukuda and Kurisu are, in fact, likely to become political allies. Powerful voices are being raised in Japanese industry – much the same voices which chorused a welcome to the China treaty – calling for a doubling or tripling of Japan's defence spending. Predictably, the loudest are coming from the Osaka heavy industrial area, hard hit by world recession.

Hosai Hyuga, president of the Osaka area economic development council, wants to see defence spending doubled to 1.5 per cent of Japanese GNP. Daigo Miyado, chairman of the Sanwa Bank, wants 2 per cent. Others speak privately of even bigger defence budgets, with immediate increases in Navy spending to help the hard-pressed shipbuilding industry. Takashi Sakurada, president of the Japan Federation of Employers' Federations, accuses the Fukuda government of 'hiding behind peace' and 'failing to lead the agonised young generation in the right direction', by which he means towards greater interest in Japan's defence capability, if not actually joining up themselves.

In October next the Peace and National Security Research Institute, financed by Japanese industry and headed by the former president of the Japan Defence Academy, Masamichi Inoki, is due to open as the first post-war lobbying organisation openly devoted to pushing up the defence budget. Japan is, in short, acquiring a new military-industrial complex.

It is by no means just a continuation of the old one. Most of the content of theatrical Japanese nationalism has gone: there is no Emperor-worship, no vulgarised Samurai code, no lunatic anti-Communism. Indeed, the old romantic Japanese rightists with their suits of armour and pledges signed in blood have been puzzled and discomforted by the new Tokyo-Peking alignment, and some form of backlash from them is to be expected.

Instead, Japan's new move towards serious rearmament seems to be based on solid arguments. It is true that, after Vietnam, a defence policy based on American promises gives less and less feeling of security. It is true that arms exports are the world's only major growth industry and that Article 9 is keeping Japan out of this lucrative field. And geography confirms that the only credible military threat to Japan comes from the Soviet Union.

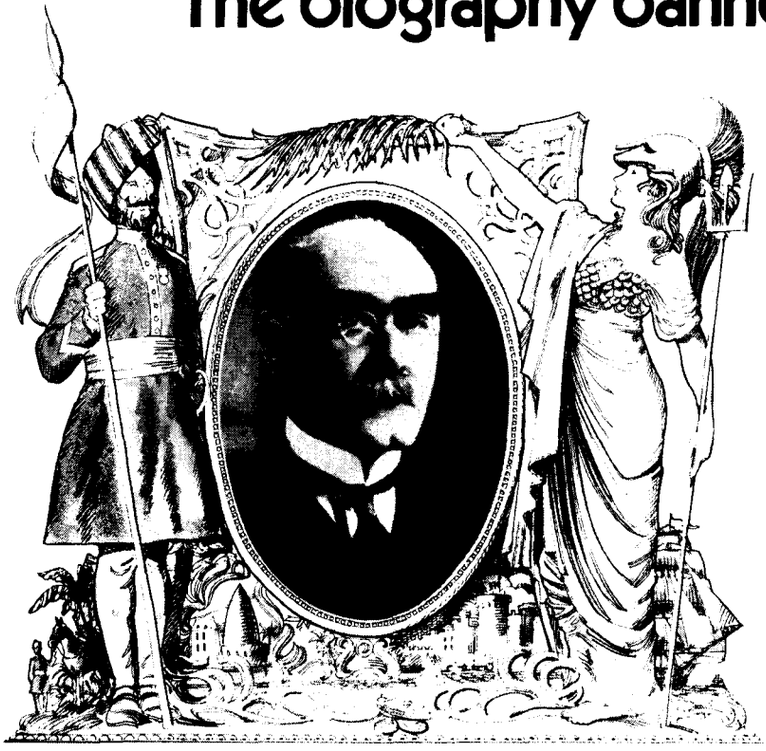
Even General Kurisu with his lawyer's training certainly has a point about Article 9: it was in fact breached long ago by the same people who wrote it in the first place, and a clear legal line of military responsibility would obviously be better than the present set of makeshifts and evasions. Japan has suffered quite enough from semi-legal armies already, over many centuries.

It all seems to fit together so neatly, with the added bonus, for the electorally hard-pressed Fukuda, of a golden chance to dish the Socialists, who are still stuck with a 1950's defence policy for Japan of no alliances and unarmed neutrality.

The danger lies in the neatness of it all. Japanese defence build-up, industrial and even arms exports to China to ward off the supposed Russian menace are bound to bring a Soviet response, leading to more arms spending, more pressure for arms exports, an ever-growing military lobby. Few people in the world are more sincerely opposed to war than the great mass of Japanese, few countries likely to suffer more if they get involved in one. Exporting tanks and guns marked 'Made in Japan' may look like good business; it looks even more like a ticket to someone else's disaster.

Rudyard Kipling

The biography banned for thirty years.



For nearly thirty years Kipling's only surviving daughter suppressed Lord Birkenhead's biography of her father – which she herself had commissioned.

Why did she do it? What were the mysterious motives behind one of the most celebrated literary wrangles of this century?

Possibly the answer lies in the biography itself. As a close friend of Kipling's said: *"The new material alone... is enough to electrify the average Kipling reader."*

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Sunday Telegraph

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Christopher Hird: Will BP swop their know-how for the Shah's oil?

BP are believed to be on the verge of signing a major joint co-operation deal with the Shah of Iran. In return for help in developing non-oil industries, they will be able to secure supplies of attractively priced Iranian oil, which at the moment accounts for something like half of BP's crude oil supplies. If the deal comes off it will be a great shot in the arm for both the internal and external repuatation of the Shah. But it will also highlight, once more, the incongruity of BP's position as a nominally government controlled company pursuing policies which may not fully accord with that government's own foreign policy.

The opportunity of co-operation with Iran arose last winter. BP had been thinking about expansion in Iran – possibly through acquisition – and the Iranian government was searching for ways of solving some of the formidable problems of their economy. The government owned National Iranian Oil Corporation appears to have made the first move, suggesting joint co-operation in non-oil areas.

BP clearly had a lot to offer: they have substantial world wide chemical interests, have been increasing their investment in coal and animal foods and have devoted a good slice of their research budget to solar energy.

BP themselves are on the look out for expansion opportunities. Like most oil companies their profits are rising at a time when the increase in capital spending is tailing off. The big investment in tankers, North Sea exploration and downstream activities are past.

This surge in cash flow means, according to most City analysts, BP's level of debt will fall sharply within the next few years. It has also given BP the wherewithal to lash out money on acquisitions. In the last few months alone it has spent £220 million buying Union Carbide's European chemical and plastics interests, £219 million on a deal with the German energy group Veba and £102 million stepping up its stake in the Australian coal mining company Clutha. In addition there have been several comparatively modest deals involving the takeover of Monsanto's European polystyrene interests and the British detergent company Robert McBride.

So temperamentally BP were ready for the Iranian approach. However, from the start a group within the management urged caution. They realised that any deal with the Iranians offered a 'substantial prize': access to Iranian oil. But there was a price to be paid.

First, BP would have to put money into any joint venture, as the Iranian economy was in no shape to do so. Second, the negotiations were likely to be lengthy – BP had some particularly unfortunate experiences in negotiating a tanker deal with NIOC. Third, the negotiations would obviously reduce BP's room for manoeuvre if any other Iranian acquisition came up. Additionally, BP had, apparently, been thinking in terms of issuing shares in any deal, and as NIOC could not do this, this could add complications.

There was also a rather different consideration. An internal memo to Mr G. C. Butcher, chairman of the executive committee of BP Trading, the company's main subsidiary, puts the point succinctly: 'Although we (BP) will benefit from greater quantities of secure oil it is at least arguable that H.M.G. may not see this advantage or if they do, would find it a useful argument for a more rigorous depletion policy than might otherwise emerge.'

Securing supplies of crude oil is a major object of BP policy. As a revealing sentence from their semi-confidential World Economic Survey says; 'An important measure of the ability to keep going, let alone grow, is access to crude oil supplies. Geographical spread over stable areas gets increasingly critical in the face of political and economic hazards.' But, as the memo to Mr Butcher makes clear, there is a danger. If the British government – who, remember, own 51 per cent of the shares in BP – see a secure supply of oil from Iran, they may put pressure on BP to step up the output from the North Sea. BP are not anxious to do this, possibly because they hope for a Conservative government which will reduce the rate of Petroleum Revenue Tax.

Relations with the government are something of an obsession at BP. Their World Economic Survey – which tries to forecast demand and prices as far ahead as 2000 – isolates one area in which the industry will be short of capacity: distillates. Therefore the WES survey darkly warns: 'An important consequence of our main oil forecast could prove to be political pressure to spend ever more money on developing new production capacity.'

Despite the reservations, BP decided to start negotiations with Iran. Precisely how this has been handled is unclear. BP's existing interest in Iran is through Iranian Oil Participations – a consortium in which they have 40 per cent and the American oil companies have 40 per cent.

For some time now the consortium has been negotiating with Iran over the terms of the 1973 agreement which covers the supply of oil to its members. These negotiations – lead by Mr John Sutcliffe of BP – have been adjourned without agreement on several occasions – most recently at the end of July. They start again this Saturday. The official line from the consortium is that they are fundamentally just talking about the production of crude. BP themselves say these are the only negotiations with Iran in which they are involved.

But some of the problems, it seems, may just be window dressing. There is broad agreement on the form of joint co-operation, but it is important to present the deal as a victory for the tough-talking Shah.

Such a deal would do him the world of good. Internally, it would boost his reputation, externally it would strengthen his credit rating and it may just help the development of his economy. Whilst BP may be putting in money and expertise, the Shah would pay for his share in oil – about the only currency he has in any quantity.

On the face of it, though, there does seem to be a political risk in getting further involved in Iran. When, eventually, the Shah goes, his successor may not feel so kindly towards the oil companies that kept him going. Two considerations may have been in BP's mind: the importance of Iranian oil to them in the short term – both in quantity and in their ability to adjust the supply to meet their needs – and their confidence that they can always parley with the opposition.

BP's Phone Book

SOUTHERN AFRICA	
BP SOUTHERN OIL LTD., Cape Town	2200
BP SOUTHERN AFRICA (PTY) LTD.,	
Cape Town	2209
Johannesburg	2229
FREIGHT SERVICES LTD., Capetown	1190
SHELL and BP SOUTH AFRICAN PETROLEUM REFINERIES (PTY) LTD., Reunion Refinery, Durban	2210

BP have admitted they supplied oil to Rhodesia by a route which involved Freight Services, a South African forwarding company, sending the oil from a BP company in Mozambique by rail to Rhodesia. After the Bingham enquiry was set up in June last year to investigate sanctions busting, BP decided to end all sales to Freight Services.

Above, we reproduce an extract from the BP internal phone book, November 1977 edition. It shows among the numbers on the world wide system, that of Freight Services, Capetown, though no business was meant to be done with them.

The system is startling tangible evidence of the efficiency with which a world wide corporation can operate. All BPs major customers and suppliers, including many of the major oil companies are in the directory. Government departments and banks are well represented. All, direct, from the phone on the BP manager's desk.

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Alison McLeod: Robbing the Poles of their history and economic news

'Do you know what I have just found out?' said the young man in Warsaw, his eyes gleaming with excitement. 'A couple of years before the war, Stalin shot half his generals.'

Many people in Britain feel that history does not matter. It matters when you have been robbed of it. It matters when every event of the past has to be deduced from what the school textbook does not say, or dragged from the recollections of dying grandparents. 'We had a very good teacher,' said another young man. 'She told us very nearly the truth.' His voice was full of reverence for a woman who had dared to shut the textbook and tell her class about the Stalin-Hitler partition of Poland in 1939.

Teachers who want to keep their jobs echo the textbook. The Katyn massacre happened, but it was the work of the Germans. The children go home and hear their parents tell them it was the Russians. There can scarcely be one family in Poland without a father or grandfather or uncle who has done time in a Russian prison camp. The children live in a confusion of events which did not happen (but Granny was there) or did happen (but Daddy laughs bitterly if you tell him so).

When they grow up, the boys do their military service. And at last they get a coherent account of recent history. True, they are taught it only as it bears on the art of war, but in Poland all history does that. A young officer must learn to cross a river under fire, and it is therefore natural for the instructor to discuss what happened on August 1, 1944. The Russians broadcast an appeal to the Poles to rise against the German occupation. The Poles rose and fought for 63 days, while the Russians watched from the wrong side of the river. 'And you think the Russians *couldn't* cross the river?' the instructor asks. The young man who was so excited about Stalin shooting his generals had learned the facts from his military instructor. Tradition is no substitute for written records, and even their military instructors leave the young men with enormous gaps in their knowledge, which they eagerly try to fill. 'But surely the generals must have been guilty of *something*?'

'Well, we all tried to think so at the time,' I said. 'One of those officers who got shot with Tukhachevsky was married to a British girl, and she was so loyal to the Party that for nearly 20 years she tried to make herself think he'd been a traitor. And then Khrushchev said he hadn't been, and she was shattered.'

'You *remember* those things?' the young man said. 'You were alive then?' He began to question me passionately. Did the English know about Katyn? What had they thought about the Warsaw rising at the time? And why did the British give that guarantee to Poland in 1939?

This is not a preoccupation of intellectuals alone. I was trying to interview two women about the cost of meat, the rent of a flat and the ability of Poles to look well-dressed and well-fed on money which theoretically, they have not got. One woman answered my questions politely, but clearly regarded the whole subject as boring. Then I remarked that in Britain during the war the Poles had been greatly respected as pilots and soldiers. Both women came alive. One of them brought out her priceless treasure, a book on the Polish airmen in the Battle of Britain. It had been published legally in Warsaw, when a sudden quirk of official policy made those Poles mentionable. (For many years the only heroes, officially, were those who had fought alongside the Russians). The book, very nicely produced, with wonderfully nostalgic pictures of British airfields, sold out at once and is now unobtainable.

What the women wanted to talk about was the past. They were quite young. But they needed to know that they were part of a heroic nation. Insulted national pride seethes under the surface of Polish life. The banners and the newspaper headlines declare that Poland's relations with the Soviet Union are 'fraternal'. There are endless jokes about this. A Russian frontier guard and a Polish frontier girl, pacing side by side, spot a bag of gold. 'Let's divide it' suggests the Russian 'fraternally.' 'Oh no!' says the Pole. 'Fifty-fifty!' Fraternal trade is defined as: 'From them – an egg. From us – a chicken.' ('Actually it's coal in exchange for Bulgarian wine,' commented a well-informed foreigner.)

There is a nation-wide passive resistance to learning Russian. It is a compulsory subject in the schools, and some children (otherwise bright) learn it for nine years without ever saying one Russian sentence correctly. This is inconvenient. Clearly Hungarians and Czechs are not going to learn Polish; Eastern Europe must have a common language. It used to be German (and to some extent still is). The authorities have decreed that it should be Russian. But the people, voting with their tongues, have decided that it's English. Poles are fairly free to travel abroad (by Russian standards, deliriously free) and an amazing number of young people have seen England, at least once. They may have seen it in its least lovable aspects, washing up in the sort of restaurant which doesn't enquire about a work permit, sharing a bedsit with three other people, but they still adore it. They learn English with all the concentration they refuse to give to Russian.

The only people who spoke to me in fluent Russian were middle-aged men who had spent years in the Soviet Union, as Party functionaries or as prisoners. (Or as both.) Whether talking to them in Russian, to old people in French, to the middle-aged in German, or to the young in English, I found (outside official circles) remarkable freedom of speech. This is traditional in Poland, perhaps because over the centuries, their oppressors have not been able to understand them. People are careful about what they write, not about what they say.

How much of the talk that rages round Warsaw is only talk? Are the people really, as one would sometimes conclude, on the brink of revolution, waiting only until those Russian tanks are called away somewhere else? While I was in Warsaw two workers were arrested in Katowice. They had tried to form an independent trade union, and had handed out leaflets calling for a shorter working day. Later Jacek Kuron, an economist who has been repeatedly imprisoned for his dissident activity, told the western press that workers in Katowice were being offered bribes if they would denounce the free trade union movement. Not one word of this appeared in the official newspapers. Nothing ever does appear in the official newspapers, except reports of Comrade Gierek's visit to a coal mine. This gives present-day Warsaw a most sinister resemblance to Lisbon before the revolution of 25 April, 1974. In the summer before Caetano fell, all Portugal was talking about a strike at Lisbon airport. The newspapers printed nothing about it, even when one of the strikers had been shot dead. Instead they reported every moment of Caetano's visit to the Queen of England.

The Poles may one day suffer for their ignorance of their present economic relations with the outside world. I thought it a good sign when a May Day banner proclaimed: 'We shall pay for investments by increasing our exports.' Did they know that their country was in debt to the bankers of the West – more heavily in debt than France, with something like a quarter of France's income? Not at all, I was officially informed; the workers carrying the banner might know something about it, because their factory had been built with a foreign loan, but it was never publicly discussed.

By keeping every important fact a secret, the Polish Government may be cutting its own throat. When the workers of Szczecin occupied a shipyard in 1971, Gierek went to them and talked rationally about Poland's difficulties. Is that going to be possible when [illegible] crisis breaks?

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London Diary

☐ I see that David Wood of *The Times*, taking a vacation from his arduous European duties at Strasbourg, is the latest of the political commentators to start hedging his bets for the next election by writing off Mrs Thatcher as a reckless radical and discounting a Labour victory in advance by attributing it to Britain's innate conservatism: indeed this paradox of a conservative Labour Party seems already to have gained a certain currency beyond the Channel. I picked up a young French lycée teacher (of karate and philosophy) on the M6 the other day who, anxious to make conversation and aware of the debris of political literature in the car, asked in a tone of genuine puzzlement: 'La partie travailliste, elle est socialiste ou capitaliste?'. I suspect that my judicious reply, as we raced through Spaghetti Junction, about M. Callaghan's ability to create a uniquely British *mélange* of *socialisme pragmatique* and *capitalisme acceptable* did not wholly convince either of us.

But then the conservative compromise – the conversion of Labour into the natural party of government – is not Jim Callaghan's primary aim. That task was more Harold Wilson's. Jim's real ambition, I suspect, is to do to the British Labour Party what Brandt and Schmidt have done to the SPD in Germany – to break the dissident Left and subordinate policy to the will of the Leader. This is what the Basnett Committee to reform the composition of the NEC is all about: and the composition of the manifesto after the imminent discussions between Jim and the present NEC will be the touchstone of his success so far. Somehow I do not expect a Freedom of Information Act, promised four years ago, to be particularly prominent this time.

☐ As most MPs gird themselves for this year's election, others contemplate next year's at rather greater leisure. Each political group in the European Parliament is allocated various 'study days' each year, which tend to be taken up at some suitable watering place in the holiday season. I was privileged to assist the Socialist Group last year in Sorrento – an essential location for a discussion of a socialist *Mediterranean* policy; this week they are assembled on the shores of Lake Constance, and the venue is once more appropriate: the Group has had a strong Germanic flavour ever since it started – and now has a chairman, secretary general and political platform all donated by kind permission of the SPD. It looks as though the grip will tighten after direct elections next summer. Though the SPD's attempt to persuade their chairman, Willy Brandt, on to their candidates' list (as much for the sake of his coat-tails as his goodself) seems to have failed for the moment, the Germans intend to take these elections seriously and will undoubtedly send a good team to Strasbourg next year. In Britain we have understandably rejected the alien, continental 'list' system; but the Labour Party has also thereby forfeited much of its control over who goes to Europe next year. The existing Labour delegation – apart from peers and those who lose at the coming election – will be ruled out by the ban on the dual mandate. I suspect our new men in Europe may well turn out to be an assorted accidental medley of a few talented young fanatics and a majority of municipal worthies, who may need a little time to get to know the Euro-ropes. European socialism will continue to rest safe and unthreatening in German hands.

☐ I recently spent a day at Bramshill, the Police Staff College – a stately home which nestles, along with Sandhurst, Camberley and Aldermaston, in that narrow confluence of Surrey, Hampshire and Berkshire which would doubtless form the last redoubt of Establishment resistance in any future English revolution – rather as Basing House did in the last one. I had been invited as the sole layman amidst eminent lawyers to talk to the police about confessions: and in particular about a future system which might one day provide a guarantee for the courts that suspects have actually said the things the police say they have said. Four suggestions were canvassed, none particularly acceptable to our chief-superintendent hosts. Have a solicitor in the police station to listen to the confession: 'bent solicitors – obstruct the course of justice'. OK, then tape recorders: 'technically possible, but too expensive, especially to transcribe'. Get the confession repeated before a magistrate the next morning – with no right to silence (this is an idea worked out by *Justice*): 'time-wasting and not enough magistrates'. This is a possible runner, if only because magistrates come so much cheaper than audio-typists these days. But my money would be on scheme four – the one they use in the US: let the police do what they like in police stations, but if they fail to call in an independent witness to admissions of guilt, the confession is inadmissible in court. The incentive for verballing would wither away – 'along with the rate of convictions', our hosts assured us. Most of them were in favour of the proposals of Sir David McNee, our new incorruptible Commissioner at the Met., to give the police greater powers and take away the suspect's right to silence. I watched him on TV when he *seemed* to be saying that this would *remove* the incentive for policemen to exceed their powers and break the rules. Ho, hum. Tell that to Steve Biko, Sir David.

☐ To the Old Bailey for the start of the ABC trial, to find my old acquaintance John Leonard wading through his prosecution brief – a curious mixture of Army-Speak (deindoctrination in his overseas station), foreign office myth (Britain particularly needs its secrets since we now have less weapons) and infirmity of faith in the Section 1 charges (these fall at the lowest end of the bracket encompassed by Section 1). He is a droll, pleasant chap and even managed a joke about the strike at *Time Out* but, what with his simultaneous duties of advising Bernard Williams's committee on the meaning of obscenity, has clearly set himself an awkward autumn.

The only point when I demurred was when he began to lecture the jury about Parliament's future intentions over the reform of the Official Secrets Act. I think, my dear John, that in this operation we should stick to our several lasts. Some of us in Parliament intend reform to go somewhat further than the Government's rather feeble White Paper.

A major row before it all started was averted when Mr Leonard promised he would not challenge any of the jurors. But he did admit that the whole panel – all 82 of them – had been screened to see if they included any who were 'known to have been disloyal'. How do they do this? Tap their phones? Open their post? And disloyal to whom or what? Their consciences, their bosses, the Queen? The whole trial seems destined to be wrapped in the language of that bygone, imperial era when the Official Secrets Act passed all its stages in the House of Commons in a single day of the hot, suspicious August of 1911.

☐ I dislike the word 'disadvantaged': too often it is soaked in class-ridden, patronising connotations. But in spite of the convoluted title of her committee – 'the public library service for the disadvantaged' – Anne Corbett's recent report (*The Librarian's Choice HMSO* £2.25) is timely: it might just remind our rather dreamy librarians that prisoners and hospital patients and housebound and illiterates and blacks also want to read books and should have their needs catered for. All too many of our great nineteenth century innovations, which were meant to transform society, have tended to degenerate into institutions which provide a service for (and employment to) the genteel. I hope the Corbett Report wakes them up a bit.

Christopher Price

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

The index for January-June 1978 (Vol. 95) is now available, price 60p ($1.20) post free, from the publisher **10 Great Turnstile, WC1V 7HJ**

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The firemen at Biggin Hill thought they had seen it all – until they were called to a house at Main Road, last week. Trapped inside a spin-drier was a young baby boy whose mother could not free him. The firemen carefully removed his clothes and slid him gently to safety. But how had he got there in the first place? Apparently his mother always put him there to 'keep him out of harm's way'. – *Kentish Times* (M. A. Bordeaux)

☐ An official of the DHSS regional office in Birmingham said yesterday that there had been objections to certain sections of the posters, particularly where they advertise help with claiming benefits. – *Guardian* (Carol Walker)

☐ Police began a major search in the area but the man escaped. 'The girl is as well as can be expected' said a police spokesman. 'She suffered no physical harm apart from being raped'. – *Evening Standard* (Chrissie Hurst)

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

On The Move

Though aggrieved travellers by train cannot fail to have noticed and to have applauded Mr Corelli Barnett's stout-hearted efforts in our old friend, 'a popular daily', to get British Rail to see sense over at least two of its many and sad shortcomings it must not be assumed that everything on the travel front is equally bleak. There is a ray of sunshine to be found here and there. A friend of mine, bound for the continent with his car, was allotted a cabin of luxurious comfort (two picture windows, stereo radio, commodious bathing facilities) facing forrard, as we old salts have it, and immediately below the bridge. But it was itself, alas, right above the Bellevue Lounge where a noisy band's insistent musical rhythms made all sleep impossible until 1 a.m.

My friend's subsequent letter of complaint was answered by return of post, bringing profuse apologies, saying that they had now become aware of the menace of the band and announcing that the matter was being looked into. Shortly after, a further letter came, bringing with it fresh apologies and a cheque for £6.50, being the difference between the glamorous double luxi-cabin where my friend had been put by mistake, and the silent and single outside cabin intended for him. The writer politely hoped to have the pleasure of welcoming my friend on board again. He will indeed, for who, after such a civilised exchange and such honesty, not to speak of a cash refund, would ever dream of going elsewhere? But this story has, unfortunately, a sad ending. You were thinking, perhaps, that this was a British boat and that somebody somewhere along the line was at last providing the old-fashioned courtesy that was once such a feature of British travel. Not so, I'm afraid. The company concerned, in every sense, was the DFDS Danish Seaways.

To the normal and everyday perils of travel – lacerations, hijackings, combustion, railway tea, decapitation – a few dangers of a rather more unusual nature must be added and their possibility faced up to, improbable though it may be that the more remarkable of them will ever come one's way. Take, for example, the case (and did I read this in a biography, or was I told it?) of the handsome and distinguished Edwardian lady who, on a journey to London on the old Southern line of blessed memory, found herself cornered by a madman in her first class and corridorless compartment. Enslaved, plainly, by her beauty, he requested her to take all her clothes off and then assisted her to climb up and lie down to rest awhile in the luggage rack where he was the better able to relish visually her charms, half of which must, ipso facto, have been on view at any given moment. Perhaps he was an artist, planning a daring 'problem' picture for the 1906 Royal Academy show (*'Femme nue en voyage'*), not that the exciting prospect of being hung 'on the line' would have brought the lady concerned much comfort at that particular time. However, relief was at hand for her admirer speedily left the train at Clapham Junction and she had just the short run to Waterloo to descend from the rack, resume her clothing and decide whether or not to tell the police ('It all sounds a bit far-fetched to me. How old are you, madam?').

Well then, among the multitudinous occurrences of an unpleasant sort that can befall us as we progress, with steadily mounting resentment, from the swaddling clothes of babyhood to the winding sheet of thank-God-that's-over, the risk of being damaged by a runaway mobile lavatory cannot, I suppose, rank very high in the probability scale, yet this was a fate visited recently on one of our fellow men. The brief newspaper item reporting it is all too niggardly of just those picturesque details that stamp themselves for ever on the inward eye that is the bliss of solitude but I think we can safely assume that the lavatory, on tow from one joyous comfort area to another, broke loose from its couplings and the tractor that was dragging it, and then achieved a life and momentum of its own, thundered merrily downhill and crashed full tilt into a car that was being driven in the opposite direction. No bones broken, I gather, though the car took quite a pasting and a certain amount of shock was unfortunately sustained by the startled motorist ('It just seemed to come hurtling at me out of nowhere. A *lavatory*, you say?').

But, as all good historians will have realised, the really crucial fact of interest in this bizarre happening is missing, namely, was the lavatory occupied at the time? These mobile contraptions grace our A roads and linger, now here, now there, most welcome amenities which frequently announce (TOILETS AHEAD) their presence in the area, but what steps are taken to ensure that they are empty before they themselves take to the road? Does a sanitary inspector, at about £7,500 p.a. with luncheon vouchers, go through a medium-like knock knock process ('Is there anybody there?') before the green flag can be waved and the contrivance trundles off to bring fresh joy elsewhere? Is there perhaps a helpful HMSO pamphlet laying down the correct procedure (every compartment to be certified as empty on form WC/492/MOB.BOG 83)?

Picture the distress of, say, a sober septuagenarian clergyman, the devout Bishop Merryweather, who has drawn in off the highway in order to satisfy two of the body's most urgent needs — food and the other. Now full of hot dogs and fragrant beverages from the Rest Area's tastefully appointed all-purpose coffee stall, he is enjoying a few thoughtful and sedentary moments behind a firmly locked door. Maybe he is deep in the *Church Times* and lost to the world. Possibly he is meditating next year's Lenten addresses. Perhaps he has just dozed off for a space. Suddenly he realises to his horror, after cries from without of 'Back 'er down a bit, Charlie' and sounds of metal on metal, that he and the plastic 'Kosyskwat' seat on which he is perched, together with his snug surroundings, are all on the move and gathering pace. Instinctively muttering a hurried prayer to St Christopher for a safe journey, he must then decide what to do for the best. Flutter paper streamers from the window to attract attention? What about a series of frantic flushings? Would cries of 'I am Bishop Merryweather. Pray allow me to alight' be heard above the noisy hum of wheel on tarmac? Why not prepare your wisest course of action in similar circumstances? Then you've got it all ready, stocked away in memory's bulging treasure-chest under the 'emergency' section.

Many people seem to take travel and its risks quite calmly. At an advanced age, Noël Coward's mother decided to undertake her first journey, and quite a long one, by air. Her friends were anxious about her. Would she not find it, they asked, an alarming experience to be, say, 30,000 feet up over the Atlantic? 'Not a bit', she replied, and added by way of explaining this sang-froid, 'you see, I used to swing very high as a child.'

Roger Woddis

Hollowcaust

Melted human fat makes a bar of soap.
Or an opera.
You can do a lot with human skin.
Turn it into a lampshade.
Or a screen filled with pretty pictures.
Or print money on it.

What you must not do is explain.
Explanations are as dangerous as boredom
and bad for the ratings.
Tap the roots of horror
and where are you?
The young should know but not too much.

Hell is all very well,
but it has to look good.
Fire needs the right light
if it is to fill a prime slot.

Shocks are fine, provided they paralyse.
Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry,
Make 'em watch, but not ask why.
Say nothing, show nothing, do nothing
that gives the game away.
That's entertainment, land of marshmallow
where everything is granted
except the means to understand.

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Letters to the Editor

Stella Burnett replies

Sir, Anthony Blair (NS 25 August) sees little connection between my case and the need to rationalise the legal system.

May I draw from my own experience. I was discharged from hospital in poor physical condition, with a four by one inch hole in my stomach, and a husband who left me, leaving me with a house to run and two small children to cope with without help. My roof leaked and I had no money to get it repaired.

I knew I must be entitled to compensation for what had happened to me in hospital and I needed help and money urgently. Yet for three years I cannoned round the legal system like a punch drunk billiard ball. En route, I acquired one solicitor, a junior barrister whose advice I refused to take, a QC to give me more appropriate advice: then I had to go back down the pyramid to a junior to draw up the actual pleadings, then back to the solicitor for the final negotiations.

I waited weeks for appointments, reiterated the same information to endless people: the weeks drew into months as the paperwork went back and forwards and I waited for reports and verdicts. The months dragged into years as I waited for the defendants to go through the same procedure. It was two and a half years before I got an interim payment and some relief.

I have no criticism to make of the quality of the legal advice I *finally* received. Yet mine was a fairly straightforward case. I needed no specialist advocate to argue it in court. What I did need, was accurate advice – and quickly.

I see no real reason why one competent lawyer could not have handled the whole of my case. And I have been left with the strong impression that the demarcation between barristers and solicitors, entailing constant delay and duplication of information, was one of the key factors which resulted in my being left without help, in that condition, for two and a half years.

STELLA BURNETT

23 Allingham Street
London N1

Under the Tory thumb

Sir, Emotive prose is OK for Patrick Wintour and Francis Wheen (NS 18 August), but apparently condemned in an election manifesto. Let's have a little more plain speaking. Far from Wandsworth social services being near breaking point, the number of workers in the Area offices has in fact risen by ten, from 390 to 400. Overall in the department the total employed in July was 1,566, one more than in April, and the highest it has ever been. What Conservatives are doing is making people realise that it is public money being used, and this must be properly budgeted and accounted for. Such adjectives as 'dangerous', 'ham-fisted' and 'penny-pinching' are wholly misleading. There never have been and are never likely to be 1,850 social workers in Wandsworth.

Public money has in the past been turned on like a tap in the direction of certain voluntary organisations, while others with long records of service have been squeezed and denied funds. The review which takes place will determine whether the former are justified, and for example £3,500 is now being allocated to Wandsworth Play Scheme Organisers' Association, surely a worthwhile cause, who are denied money by the Labour Government. The Field Centre, about which [illegible] in fact continuing with the full backing of the council to give deprived children their chance of a holiday. Had the 'Community Development' team concentrated on community development and spent less time on publicity and propaganda, they might have been viewed with less suspicion! There are already in post members of the Social Services Department, who carry out a similar function.

The main policy change of the new council is now the introduction of choice in housing. Sales of council properties may be achieved either outright to sitting tenants, or via rent free periods for rehabilitation before purchase, or it is hoped by part-purchase or equity sharing. This suits both the pockets and aspirations of a large number of people. In the case of scattered, municipalised properties it is only because the Labour Party left 1,500 empty that they are available for re-sale to the private sector. The first two council houses were transferred to the ownership of their happy tenants on 23 August. But not all council houses are being sold off however. Many, such as the Kambala Estate and Edgecombe Hall Estate are being let and families in need re-housed.

As a resident of Putney and knowing Roehampton very well, it is a complete misnomer to describe all residents as 'well heeled'. We have a mixed community and we want to keep a mixed community. But ask the residents of Galgate Close, a recently let council block, whether they like anti-social neighbours any more than the rest of us? Some of these expensive blocks are vandalised as soon as occupied. At least those who buy have the incentive to look after their property.

Finally your use of a picture of swastikas over the Town Hall as a crude way of implying that a Tory council has any connection with the Gestapo is unworthy and contemptible. We were elected to put right the wrongs of the last council and we shall interpret the trust placed in us humanely and sensibly as an enlightened younger group of Conservatives. We shall not be deterred by threats or intimidation from the organised Left.

EDWARD LISTER
Chairman
Wandsworth Social Services Committee
26 Rodway Road
London SW15

Francis Wheen writes: Mr Lister is quite right. There is no likelihood of there being 1,850 social workers in Wandsworth, in the next four years at any rate, because the Tories have decided to leave unfilled the vacancies which would have brought the staff to this number. This doesn't lessen the desirability of such a total in a social services department with a budget 20 per cent per person less than the Inner London average.

The organisations which have been on the receiving end of Mr Lister's 'tap' include law centres, the Citizens' Advice Bureau and the Community Relations Council: however worthy the Play Scheme Organisers' Association may be, it is hardly an effective substitute for the work of all these organisations. As for Mr Lister's slur on the Community Development Team, I have a list of over 50 organisations which have been helped by the Team and which believe the Team did provide a valuable service to the community.

The arguments against the council's housing policy were fully expressed in the original article. But Mr Lister's 'introduction of choice' will read strangely to families in high-rise [illegible] of council house sales. Moreover it is 'unworthy and contemptible' to imply that council house tenants are little better than football hooligans. Mr Lister descends to such smears instead of refuting any of the charges in the original article.

Fans with typewriters

Sir, Gus MacDonald's Scottish Diary (NS 1 September) gave me great pleasure, but his item about Glasgow Rangers' attitude to Catholics is very wide of the mark. Referring to a recent attack on the apartheid policy of Rangers by a group of Church of Scotland ministers, Mr MacDonald says: 'What was interesting, however, was that the exposé came, not in the Scottish newspapers, but from Rev David Graham in *Bush*, magazine of Glasgow Presbytry. This will not surprise those who know that Scottish sports reporters can sometimes seem as unhinged as their presumed readership and are dismissed even by fellow hacks in the south as "fans with typewriters".'

I cannot speak for the editors of other Scottish newspapers, but I wish your readers to know that on 9 July the *Sunday Mail* devoted three entire pages to the topic of Rangers and religious bigotry in the West of Scotland. All this happened six weeks before *Bush* published its own report.

CLIVE SANDGROUND
Editor

Sunday Mail
Anderston Quay
Glasgow

Bad language

Sir, That Duncan Campbell's sympathetic survey of Welsh nationalism and the Welsh Language Society should have induced an infuriated response from John Marek (Letters 25 August) was as predictable as Michael Heseltine's standing ovation at the next Tory Conference. No doubt modesty inhibited Mr Marek from reporting his role in the heroic struggle to kill off an ancient language – surely an obsession, or at least a priority for any right-thinking socialist. With his knot of anti-Welsh Language missionaries in Aberystwyth, Mr Marek has founded the 'Language Freedom Movement' to voice the 'massive rejection by Welsh people of the policies of the Welsh Language Society' and the 'much apprehension over the increasing amount of job reservation for Welsh speakers' alleged in his letter. Press reports confirm that the Movement's more successful public meetings have attracted as many as eight seekers of 'freedom' from this Welsh language oppression: a massive rejection indeed!

But to answer the two accusations of any gravity in his dispatch from the battle-front: first, the overwhelming majority of children who attend bilingual schools in every part of Wales are from working-class homes; entry is open to every child regardless of race, language, social status or educational ability. Mr Marek's charge of 'elitism' is transparent nonsense, as I suspect he well knows.

Secondly, Plaid Cymru does not make an issue of race and ethnicity at all, except to oppose racial discrimination and inequality. The Party welcomes members and supporters from all national, racial, and linguistic groups in Wales; we regard everyone who lives in Wales as a full and equal citizen of Wales. This unequivocal position exposes Mr Marek's reference to 'national socialism' as the cheap and groundless remark that it is.

ROBERT GRIFFITHS
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The television minefield

Sir, Jeremy Bugler's article on television (NS 25 August) says that, on a fortnight's assignment in Korea 'for *World In Action*' (it was in fact for another programme), a 'young, relatively inexperienced' production assistant earned £800, compared with £300 for the producer/director and £160 for the researcher. The facts are that the production assistant concerned has had ten years experience. Her earnings in salary and overtime for the fortnight were £817. The producer/director and the researcher, who were in Korea for three weeks, earned £1,042 and £535 respectively. These figures take account of the value of 'overtime' which in their case is taken partly in cash and partly in time off. During the fortnight when all three were in Korea, the earnings of the producer/director and the researcher amounted to £675 and £348 respectively.

The article also mentions a film editor working for *World In Action* earning over £2,000 for two weeks' work. There is only one case in the last year of a film editor working on a *World In Action* project receiving a payment of this order. The person in question was leaving Granada for another job. During his last five weeks work he was involved in two editions of *World In Action*. His final pay cheque was for six weeks' work and included overtime and pay in lieu of holidays, which together totalled £2,191.

DONALD H. HARKER
Director

Granada Television
36 Golden Square
London W1

Sir, Jeremy Bugler has missed one very important factor in his analysis of TV crewing levels. The missing factor is 'quality', and it is this that sets Euston Road and Upper Ground apart from comparison with Fleet Street. All technicians I have worked with are dedicated to maintaining the highest possible standards of craftsmanship and most attempts at reduced crewing result in a loss of quality. A cameraman working on his own does not do as well as with an assistant. With the low light levels often encountered today, mainly for economic reasons, focus is very critical. If someone moves the cameraman may not know if they have come closer to him or have moved the other way. With an assistant to 'pull focus' for him the loss of sharpness while he hunts for sharp focus is avoided.

As a sound recordist I know that I can usually produce better quality tracks when working with an assistant. I can then concentrate fully on listening and adjusting levels, rather than having my attention divided by having to watch movements and control the microphone.

IAN HILLS

6 Barlby Road
London W10

Francis Wheen: First-class prices for second-rate education

The fifth anniversary of Roy Hattersley's famous threat to abolish public schools has been celebrated in a curious way. The September issue of *In Britain*, the magazine of the government-financed British Tourist Authority, carries an astonishing paean of praise for Harrow School. Words pour from the reporter's typewriter in an incontinent stream, extolling the 'rich pattern of school life' and the 'sturdily comprehensive curriculum'. 'From his first day,' we are told, 'a boy is inculcated with the community spirit. He enjoys a very full life.'

Such observations do not exactly tie up with my own recollection of life at Harrow, but I suppose one should not be surprised that a government-backed organisation is peddling such rubbish after last week's report by the Campaign for Comprehensive Education on the extent to which the government is propping up private education. Local authorities pay over £39m. every year for places in private schools; add to this the cost of private education for the children of armed services staff, diplomats and other civil servants, together with £25m. annual tax loss caused by private schools' charitable status, and you have a total annual subsidy of about £136m. Not bad for a Labour government.

The 42,000 children whose fees are either wholly or partly paid by local or central government are certainly providing public schools with the best money that education can buy. The traditional sources of income – middle-class families who want to give their children a head-start in life – are no longer as reliable as they once were: public school fees rose by over 78 per cent between September 1974 and January 1978, and preparatory school charges went up by 84 per cent in the same period, so that the manager of a small business who failed to take adequate protection against inflation now finds the cost of private schooling increasingly beyond his reach. The *average* fees for public schools have this year topped £2,000 p.a. for the first time, and this basic figure does not include other expenses such as school uniform, sports and games, books, extra-curricular activities, pocket money, travelling costs and the considerable sums which perennially appear on school bills with no other explanation than the mysterious heading 'miscellaneous expenses'.

The one source of income which is rapidly expanding is the overseas market. The number of foreign pupils at public schools is now over 14,000, a 41 per cent increase on the 1976 total. Most public schools deny that they are making a conscious effort to attract wealthy foreign clients – although the decision by Gabbitas-Thring to open a recruiting office in Iran is surely a sign of the times – but there is no doubt that a number of schools are smartening themselves up in an attempt to win pupils from abroad: major public schools alone spent £12½m. last year on buildings and equipment. Harrow, for example, spent an estimated £1m. two years ago on reorganising its archaic catering system and improving the quality of the food (not before time: a grindingly monotonous diet of powdered scrambled eggs and turgid mashed potatoes is hardly conducive to 'gentlemanly' table manners).

It is hard to quantify what this strange assortment of sponsors – Her Majesty's Government, harassed upper-middle class parents and middle-eastern potentates – receive in return for their huge outlay since, despite their business-like attitude, public schools don't like to give details of investment return. They are coy about revealing their academic achievements (with a few exceptions such as Tonbridge, where 59 per cent of A-levels taken are grade A, B or C, and the O-level pass rate is 88 per cent) and their secrecy leads one to draw one's own conclusions. Such suspicions are reinforced by the fact that Harrow's headmaster was summoned to an emergency governors' meeting last year – after, I gather, another appalling set of exam results – and told to improve academic standards – or else.

The public schools' reticence thus makes it difficult to assess their academic performance. 48 per cent of children from major public schools (i.e. schools in the Headmasters' Conference) went to university last year, but this figure is misleading since it includes pupils who get in through closed scholarships. At the beginning of a boy's school career, he must pass the Common Entrance exam to win a place at public school; but the schools won't say what the pass-mark is, and moreover some masters privately admit that schools often accept boys who fail Common Entrance but have some other reason to be allowed in, such as sporting ability or a long family connection with the school.

The quality of teaching is another point on which public schools are reluctant to comment. Because of their huge fee income they can afford to maintain an average staff/pupil ratio of 1 to 17, but the ability of these teachers is often suspect. Most public schools now say that they expect their teachers to possess at least a Certificate of Education (and preferably some other teaching experience as well) but in practice my research suggests that many public school teaching staff still have no greater qualification than a second class honours degree. The traditional road was to spend a year teaching in a prep school after A-Levels, go on to university for three years and then return to one's Alma Mater. This road is by no means closed.

In fact the only certain benefits of a public school education are the most intangible: it provides one with a wide range of contacts within the establishment, a certain barbaric and bullying self-confidence and a blindness to the existence of anything worthwhile outside the narrow world of toppers and tails. In 1868 the Taunton Report found that upper-middle class parents 'have nothing to look to but education to keep their sons on a high social level. And they would not wish to have what might be more readily converted into money, if in any degree it tended to let their children sink in the social scale.' *Plus*

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

John Romano

No Raised Eyebrows, Please

The Letters of Charles Dickens, Vol. IV 1844-1846 Pilgrim Edition, edited by Kathleen Tillotson *Oxford* £20

One month into 1844, Charles Dickens turns 32. Behind him are five long novels, written mostly at the level of genius, and he had just finished *A Christmas Carol*. The *Carol* does not sell as well as Dickens has hoped, and the sales of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, still in progress, are very uninspiring. With his usual great energy, Dickens decides he is tired, and must go abroad. So he lets the house in Devonshire Terrace, and moves his family to Italy for a year. 'There is a Palazza di Something, commanding a southern view of somewhere,' he writes,

> in which I am told we could be agreeably lodged. I want to do the thing comfortably, but I don't want to fling my money away for the benefit of the olive skinned sons of the balmy South – especially, as I have none to spare.

Before the three years covered in the present volume are over, Dickens moves his large household, including four children, back and forth to the Continent twice. During both stays abroad there is nearly constant touring, punctuated by brief, feverish returns to London on flimsy excuses. From this time forward, if one thing is more characteristic of Dickens's private life than another, it is his abiding restlessness.

Unless, paradoxically, it is his steady discipline. For even in these years of endless packing and unpacking, Dickens (1) writes three Christmas books, *The Chimes*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, and *The Battle of Life*; (2) produces, directs, and performs in an amateur but lavish theatrical; (3) founds the *Daily News*, and serves for a time as its first editor; (4) fathers two more children (which is not time-consuming, but you see the point); and (5), when he has rested long enough from his chief vocation, begins what critics are increasingly finding to be the great masterpiece of his middle years, *Dombey and Son*.

Oh, and something else he does: he writes letters. Over 1,000 are collected here, of which nearly a third either have never been published before, or have been published only in part. Readers who are familiar only with his fiction should be glad to know how much more of Dickens there is. His wit, intelligence and the deep resources of his feeling are always in evidence, whether in long, vivid travel letters, or in brief notes, to casual acquaintances, in answer to unwelcome invitations. He doesn't bother to repress the high colour of his imagination, not even when writing earnestly to scold a younger brother for ungentlemanly conduct; Dickens, by the way, is an inveterate scolder. And there is everywhere, of course, the miracle of his style, at once boisterous and graceful, effulgent and precise – like the oddly legible scrawl of his signature-cum-flourish.

The excellence and authority of the Pilgrim Edition of Dickens's letters, as it enters on the years of his middle age, is by now something that students of the writer can take for granted. The editor of Volume IV deserves every kind of praise. Like its predecessors, it is thorough and practical and scholarly. Originals and photographs of originals are the source for a high proportion of letters, and it is gratifying to see copious restorations of deletions by earlier editors, Dickens's daughter among them. The new volume faced some special problems, such as Forster's messy excerpting of the letters from Italy in his *Life* of the novelist. Furthermore, Forster was frequently wrong or imprecise about dates. Editor Kathleen Tillotson and her staff, expert and meticulous, set him straight again and again.

A great test of skill and taste in editing letters is the matter of annotation. Here, in nearly 800 pages, I never found myself looking in vain for a footnote when I needed one. The most obscure facts and people have been painstakingly hunted down. One complaint, though. The editors are too inclined to give a cross-reference instead of an identification. For instance, to the footnote, 'Angus Fletcher (1799-1862): see Vol I, p. 154*n* and Vol. II, p. 57*n*', it would have been easy, having gone that far, to add the useful little word 'sculptor'. But this is a quibble. The Pilgrim Edition is just what editions of literary letters ought to be. It sets an unsurpassable standard.

Of particular interest among previously unpublished letters are those concerning a curious episode in Genoa, where Dickens was the friend and neighbour of an eminent Swiss banker named Emile de la Rue. The banker's wife was a small, dark woman, found charming by some, who suffered severely from hysterical nightmares. In England, Dickens had seen therapeutic uses of mesmerism, and learnt its techniques from leaders in the movement. Such was Dickens's confidence in himself – see again the famous flourish – that he volunteered to attempt the cure of Madame de la Rue by means of hypnosis. Thus Dickens and Madame began a series of long and private sessions, on a regular, eventually a daily basis. Sometimes Dickens was called to his patient in the middle of the night and stayed till morning. No raised eyebrows, please. What Dickens called 'Magnetism' actually brought Madame de la Rue some relief. When the Dickens entourage left Genoa for a tour of Italy, Dickens's mind stayed much on his patient. They had appointed a time of day when each would concentrate on the other, for mesmerism had been known to act over long distances. And Dickens kept up a close correspondence with Emile, until the de la Rues joined the Dickenses in Rome, where, to Mrs Dickens's increasing distress, the sessions resumed more intensely than ever. When the two families returned to Genoa, Kate Dickens understandably insisted that the treatment cease. Dickens had to comply, but he felt thwarted and embarrassed by his wife's jealousy, and never forgave her. Not incidentally, his dissatisfaction with Kate begins to emerge at about this time.

'The many letters on this subject (most of them now published for the first time) might be open to misinterpretation by sensation-seekers,' writes Kathleen Tillotson. Her preface explains the 'intensity and sheer amount of time' Dickens invested as 'an overflow of creative energy'. Further, it cites Fred Kaplan's judgment, from his excellent *Dickens and Mesmerism*, that what really fascinated the writer wasn't the lady, but mesmerism itself, and his own mesmeric power. True enough. But power, for Dickens, *is* eros, and a power so intimate, so literally entrancing as mesmerism is erotic almost by necessity. We can't know if Kate's fears of an overtly sexual liaison were just, but there is much to suggest that the situation was at least implicitly erotic.

The letters to M. de la Rue are full of this suggestion. We learn that in the woman's recurrent nightmare, which she would recount to Dickens as she experienced it under the influence, she is exposed to a crowd on a hillside, and troubled by an indistinct figure who mutters threateningly and sometimes abuses her. There is a strong hint in the dream of sexual humiliation. Increasingly, Dickens writes about this 'Phantom' as if he were real, and ranges himself against it like an opposing knight. 'The figure is obtaining the ascendant – and will get it until I can mesmerise it again,' he writes. 'Being near to her, and with her, I believe that I can shiver it like Glass.' Such vaunting has a comic-book flavour, but his sense of personal competition with the 'Phantom' indicates Dickens's feeling of identification with the latter, and perhaps with the sexual terror he causes. If that is so, then Dickens is really battling the spectre of his own illicit interest in Madame de la Rue.

Dickens never betrays more than a superficial awareness of such feeling. But he is aware enough, at least unconsciously, to feel some guilt toward his patient's husband. On 2 February 1845 he begs Emile to forgive him for the proprietary tone he has lately taken about the other's wife. Once he has revealed this polite measure of compunction, he goes on to imagine for the wife a dream she has never had, in which the figure threatens revenge on Dickens himself. Surely guilt has inspired in Dickens this retaliatory nightmare of his very own.

In dwelling on this matter, and in stressing sexuality, I no doubt seem to be the sensation-seeker the preface warned against. But it is unfair to imply that only prurient curiosity will want to inquire into the psychological reality of this unusual relationship. Dickens's genius, in proving itself enduring, has proved itself complex, and even, in its sources, obscure. For all his fluency of expression and openness of manner, Dickens mostly preserved a Dombey-like opacity regarding the deeper facts of his emotional life. These documents of his inner turmoil, as they enter the public record, demand a frank and thorough interpretation.

For the rest, it is good to have in definitive

We apologise for the misprints in Richard Cobb's Books in General piece last week. These were introduced by computer faults in the photo-setting process after the page had passed beyond editorial control.

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form much that we have seen before: for example, the warm and affectionate letters to Macready and Landor and Stanfield; the business correspondence surrounding the start of the daily newspaper; and the letters to Forster on the early stages of *Dombey and Son*, which are as good a record as we have of how Dickens worked. At the end of his vacation from novel-writing, Dickens reappeared as a novelist less fanciful but somehow more acute, especially about the quotidian realities of ordinary life. *Dombey* is Dickens's great novel of domestic unhappiness. The new subject represents a distinct change in sensibility, to which the letters of 1844-1846 are an inestimable guide.

Peter Porter

The King Times

Born for Opposition: Byron's Letters and Journals, Vol. VIII edited by Leslie A. Marchand *John Murray* £7.50

The extent of Byron's self-knowledge was remarkable. He knew which parts of his nature were given to posturing, but also that his melancholy was constitutional and possibly hereditary. His taste in his own poetry was sound, except perhaps for his campaign to purge the English drama of its old crudities by writing the closet plays *Marino Faliero, The Two Foscaris* and *Sardanapalus,* a foray into classicism defended stoutly in letters home to England included in this new collection. He regarded Shakespeare as 'the *worst* of models, though the most extraordinary of writers', and was determined to exclude all rant from his plays. If the result was a stiffness which prevented them from succeeding on the stage, Byron answered that he never meant them to be acted (and wrote constantly back to London to John Murray and Douglas Kinnaird to prevent the mounting of *Marino Faliero* at Drury Lane). They are examples, rare in English, of obedience to the unities, and have a sombre plainness which compares favourably with the splashy style of Schiller's and Goethe's dramas.

Byron's self-knowledge is nowhere more potent than in his defence of *Don Juan*. He knew it was the best thing he'd done and he told his London doubters that the world would come to know it too. Raging despairingly to Murray over the misprints in the just-published fifth canto of *Don Juan* (and for once they were not the fault of Byron's maniacal handwriting), he states:

> You have been careless of this poem because some of your Synod don't approve of it – but I tell you – it will be long before you see any thing half so good as poetry or writing . . . I have read over the poem carefully – and I tell you *it is poetry* – Your little envious knot of parson-poets may say what they please – time will show I am not in this instance mistaken.

There is a measured sadness in his refusal of Murray's offer of 2,000 guineas for the plays, the new *Juans*, the Pulci translation and other pieces, when he recalls the lavish proposal made at the height of his fame for *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos*. Yet *Juan* had sold very well and Byron was by no means a back number. His distaste for the prevailing poetical modes of the day was as close as he could get to a repudiation of the Byronism of his youth. His contempt for 'your *real mere unleavened* author' was not only an example of the grandezza which came out in him from time to time, but a sort of bluster to cover his own share in the spawning of spasmic, romantic writing.

The title, from a stanza of *Don Juan* of the Genoa period, which Mr Marchand has chosen for this latest compilation of his monumental series, refers to Byron's involvement with the liberal opposition to Austrian and clerical despotism in the Italian states. The period covered is from the beginning of 1821 until Byron's removal to Pisa from Ravenna in October of that year. This upheaval was the direct consequence of the failure of uprisings in both Naples and the Romagna. Byron's friends in the Carbonari ('the Coalheavers' to him) were banished from the Romagna into neighbouring Tuscany. The Countess Guiccioli wanted to stay behind, but the penalty for that would have been confinement in a convent, and Byron writes to her urging her on to Florence – she kept hovering in Bologna to be near her lover. As he put it, in a more generally reflective vein, 'It is very odd that all my *fairs* are such romantic people – and always daggering or divorcing – or making scenes. But this is positively the last time of performance.' This was to Augusta Leigh, his half-sister, and in the same letter, after committing himself to Countess Guiccioli, he reminds Augusta that he would have sacrificed everything for her if she had not behaved so coldly. But the realistic lover still had to pay the dues of Byronism. He also tells Augusta that he has promised Teresa to write no more of *Don Juan*, a promise fortunately rescinded in later days in Pisa with Shelley.

Byron's liberalism was more a matter of tyrant-hating than affection for democracy. For him, democracy was 'an Aristocracy of Blackguards'. Early in 1821, he forecasts confidently that 'the king times are finishing', and he expresses his hatred of Metternich's Austrians by calling them 'Huns' – surely a very early use of such journalistic opprobrium. But when the Neapolitans gave in without a fight, Byron could only relate to Tom Moore what a pretty woman had told him in Ravenna: 'Alas! the Italians must now return to making operas.' His stay in the Romagna was the high-point of his hopes for Italian liberation. Writing to his wife, just before abandoning Ravenna, he speaks for the first time of the stirrings of liberty in Greece. There is a new tone to his letters home from the middle of 1821 onwards. It is as though he wants to arrange his reputation with posterity by instructing his executors about his literary canon and ransacking his memory as to the whereabouts of letters. Vol. VIII begins with a journal he kept in Ravenna, duly sent off to Moore to join similar documents already in his care. Byron was tidying up his remains: he had distinct premonitions of an early death. His firm views on what he wanted to survive of himself must go some way to excuse Moore's subsequent burning of documents and bowdlerising of the memoirs.

This volume is not quite as pleasing as its predecessors, and I feel there is some danger of Byron's powers as a letter-writer being

new community

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taken too much for granted. The pleasures of such a beautifully full edition do not include reading the same remarks, squibs, epigrams, and turns of phrase repeated several times in contemporary letters to different friends, though this is hardly Byron's fault. These last Ravenna days saw his defence of Pope against the Reverend Bowles's attacks on him (and include a pleasantly unedifying story of Bowles as a young man catching pox in Paris), and also his comments on Keats's death in Rome.

Byron quite misunderstood Keats's hardihood and believed the rubbish about his death being due to unfavourable reviews (could Shelley have been the origin of this nonsense?): we find him trying out a phrase immortalised in *Don Juan* – 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,/Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.' There is always something chilling in the middle of Byron's attractiveness to keep us free from idolatry. Here is his unfeeling comment on one of his daughter Allegra's letters to him. 'To get some parental Gingerbread – I suppose . . .' he writes. Having seen this note in her child's hand, inscribed 'Caro il mio Papa', at the V & A Byron Exhibition, I had my proper, if momentary, revulsion from the famous Byron ego.

Philip French

Lonely Heart

New York Jew by ALFRED KAZIN *Secker & Warburg* £7.95

Like his idol Edmund Wilson, Alfred Kazin is an intensely literary man who has yet lived very much in the world. It is appropriate that, while sardonically observing the colony of rich fellow-travelling New Yorkers enjoying the good life of pre-McCarthy Hollywood, he should himself be labouring on a book about Blake in the nearby Huntingdon library. And that when he made a hazardous wartime crossing of the Atlantic his ship should have been the *SS Hart Crane* and that close by in the same convoy was the *SS Emily Dickinson*.

Unlike the patrician yankee Wilson, however, Kazin is a member, chronicler and critic of that extraordinary generation of New York intellectuals who came of age in the inter-war years and dominated the American literary and academic scene in the quarter-of-a-century following World War II. The sons and daughters of poor Eastern-European immigrants, they had the same desperate need to succeed that possessed their less fastidious contemporaries who went into show business and commerce. Some burnt themselves out after youthful fame, among them Kazin's friend, that 'expert in anguish' Delmore Schwartz, who was to be the model for Von Humboldt Fleischer in *Humboldt's Gift*. Others died young like Isaac Rosenfeld, whose funeral occasioned Wallace Markfield's marvellous comic novel of the literary life, *To An Early Grave*. Two achieved particular distinction – Lionel Trilling as the intellectual conscience of his age, Saul Bellow as a Nobel literary prizeman.

Kazin writes with great warmth and admiration about Trilling, but in casting him as leader of a smug, over-refined, calculatedly ambivalent literary establishment he implies quite wrongly that the role here ascribed to Trilling was a pose he had consciously adopted. A dozen literary intellectuals signed a solemn letter to the *New York Times* objecting to Kazin's portrait of Trilling. No one has yet stood up for Saul Bellow, who comes in for less tender treatment from his old friend. But then Bellow is a Chicagoan who came on to the wartime New York scene with a brasher middle-western style:

> He was measuring the world's power to resist *him*, he was putting himself up as a contender. Although he was friendly, unpretentious, and funny, he was ambitious and dedicated in a style I had never seen in an urban Jewish intellectual; he expected the world to come to him. He had pledged himself to a great destiny. He was going to take on more than the rest of us were.

Nevertheless, despite the modestly well-heeled lives and immense prestige with which this generation was rewarded, most were deeply disenchanted with success, their own and that of others, and when one of their protégés, Norman Podhoretz, dubbed success the new 'dirty little secret' of American life in his autobiography *Making It*, he was treated with contempt for even raising the vulgar matter.

New York Jew is no celebration of Kazin's successful career, and he begins with a moment of early triumph only in order to demonstrate how illusory such things are. His first volume of informal autobiography, *A Walker in the City*, was an eloquent account of his childhood in the immigrant Brooklyn ghetto of Brownsville; the second volume, *Starting Out in the Thirties*, dealt with his initiation into literary journalism in the five years following his graduation from college in the midst of the Depression. This concluding volume begins in 1942 with the 27-year-old Kazin happily married to a research scientist, moving to his first flat on Manhattan Island, and about to be acclaimed for 'my first great deed', his seminal study of American literature, *On Native Grounds*. Soon he is playing violin duets with Allen Tate and having homosexual passes made at him by the flamboyant drama critic Stark Young, being appointed literary editor of *New Republic* and being invited round by Edmund Wilson, who encouraged him to revenge himself on Mary McCarthy (then Wilson's wife) for her sour remarks about *On Native Grounds* by writing 'something about *her* sometime'. This he did very effectively in *Starting Out in the Thirties*.

Thereafter Kazin's troubles rather than his successes receive his attention, including three broken marriages, an estrangement from a super-activist student son in the Sixties (a decade that in Kazin's view lacked 'modesty of scale' in all its undertakings), a bitter rejection by a dying father, and a general feeling of cultural and political malaise. The book's real aim is a discursive treatment of the author's life as exemplary experience, as a native of the 'world capital of freedom' and a member of a race that 'had been stage centre at all the great intellectual dramas and political traumas of this century'. As he remarked in *Starting Out* when considering his feelings at the age of 21:

> The unmistakable and surging march of history might yet pass through me. There seemed to be no division between my effort at personal liberation and the apparent effort of humanity to deliver itself.

As teacher, fellowship holder and reporter for Henry Luce ('the boss as artist' treated with rare charity), Kazin travels America and Europe, visits Russia, where his parents came from, and Israel, where many relatives live and General Yadin urges him to settle. He inspects the workings of the Army Bureau of Current Affairs and the WEA while dodging V-bombs in wartime London, is shown around I Tatti by Gertrude Stein's brother Leo (who was writing a book on lying), meets Berenson in Rome (the old man preferred Henry Miller to Kafka), teaches Sylvia Plath at Smith and gets to know Robert Frost at Amherst. The son of an old-style Russian socialist and nephew of numerous anarchists, Kazin was never taken in by communism and is thus in a position to stand up to red-baiters (including oddly enough Robert Lowell when he tried to have the director of the Yaddo literary colony dismissed for her alleged communist sympathies) and to Stalinists. Equally he never cut himself off from his Jewish roots while having three Gentile writers, Orwell, Silone and Camus, as his 'Socialist saints'.

Entertaining as this perceptive, elegant book so often is, there is a vein of melancholy constantly breaking the surface, which seems as much due to the author's view of life as to the times in which he lives. 'There is never any safe homecoming for Jews,' Kazin remarks, and the word 'loneliness' recurs almost as a motif. There is the 'cosmic loneliness' that brought his immigrant parents together in a loveless marriage, and 'the lonely passion of F. O. Matthiessen' that led to suicide. His mentor (and the book's intellectual heroine) Hannah Arendt had an 'intellectual loneliness that came out as arrogance', while another of her admirers, Randall Jarrell, 'declaimed his loneliness' to an insensitive gathering of literary functionaries. 'I'm lonely here,' says the student Sylvia Plath, bringing a story for Kazin's approval. When his third marriage is breaking up the author 'looked forward to lonely freedom' and in criticising his son for running with the radical mob during the 1968 Harvard disturbances, he remarks that the young man 'was enveloped in a mass of comrades and duplicates, seemed never to be alone'. It is our fate to be alone, and not to recognise this central tragic fact of life is to deceive ourselves; so Kazin can speak of Edward Hopper's great painting *Sunday Morning* as expressing a 'triumphant American loneliness'. About literary togetherness he can be devastating, and never more so than when relating the tale of an irritated woman leaning out of the window of a fancy beach-house at Wellfleet, summer colony of affluent authors, media people, intellectuals and psychoanalysts, and saying to the noisy children playing outside: 'The Professor is writing a book review. I'm sure all your fathers and mothers have reviews to write, too!'

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Helen McNeil

Time Out

What Really Happened to the Class of '65? by MICHAEL MEDVED and DAVID WALLECHINSKY *W. H. Allen* £6.95

This is a tale of golden boys and girls who lived long ago and far away. In January 1965, a month before Lyndon Johnson switched from 'measured response' to saturation bombing of the North, Vietnam was still one of *Time* magazine's Ruritanian joke nations, where obnoxious Buddhists staged fainting-spells and fake hunger-strikes purely to annoy Americans. In the Luce empire, LBJ's flatulent inaugural and Churchill's death were the big news. *Time*, boasting its 'largest single advertising commitment' ever and gleefully reporting that the US military arsenal was the world's largest ever, also felt itself uniquely equipped for its optimistic cover story on America's teenagers which it found better-educated and more seriously motivated than ever before. Intergenerational togetherness had made modern parents companions, not lawgivers, for their children. According to *Time*, the American teenager was poised 'on the fringe of a golden era' in which anything would be possible. Enthused 'U.S. Teen Queen' Luci Baines Johnson: 'The thing I like most is experience.'

Experience is what America's class of '65 got, but of a different sort than they, their parents, or *Time* bargained for. These tape-recorded interviews with graduates of a posh Los Angeles high school ten years after it was featured in *Time*'s cover story have a simple tale to tell. They lack the intensity of Sara Davidson's collective memoir *Loose Change* and they don't have the continuity of *Twenty-One*, Michael Apted's Granada series which interviewed a group at three seven-year intervals. The model is novelistic, not sociological, but this is not all a bad thing, as a very old-fashioned moralising character-novel emerges. Individually these one-shot true tales of lost youth are too pat, but there is a collective truth in the self-made disasters of these privileged children.

A solid 10 per cent of the graduating class of Palisades High School has been arrested subsequently on drug charges, even though gullible *Time* reporters thought that 'glue sniffing and marijuana are out'. Eleven of the thirty former students have withdrawn from society, some apparently irrevocably, and eight are still financially dependent, broke, or living with their parents ten years after leaving school. By contrast, two of the hardest-working former students are a Chinese woman architect and a black physicist, the only black out of 2,100 students in the school, which must be some kind of record for residential segregation. Of the 46,397 Americans killed in combat in Vietnam, none came from Palisades High School. Of 17 men interviewed, only one lacked the money or cunning to escape the draft. A Californian vocabulary of self-discovery is used throughout by the interviewees, covering the most ordinary and self-serving actions with a glowing patina of human fulfilment. The young man who realised he wasn't bright enough to be a doctor now does well by doing good, running two new profit-making psychiatric after-care centres. The self-made millionaire retailer believes that 'our ability to grasp on to a truer sense of the evolution in men's wear' is what enabled him to have 'great impact' in developing 'that wider leg' and other successes. 'Our group was always at the forefront,' gush the book's compilers. We were the 'new man' hailed by Charles Reich in his 1970 best-seller. By this they mean they hope people will buy their book.

But the most striking feature of the class of '65 has been its flight into discipline, a peculiarly solipsistic kind of conservatism which seems to flourish without social awareness, or indeed, in defiance of social realities. For better or worse, about half the students have fairly consciously embraced a rigid philosophy of life. This would seem a predictable reaction to excessive parental liberalism were it not for the sickening similarity of the new gods and temples to the elaborate empty rituals of subjection and conformity back at Pali High, where the professionally extrovert dominant group lorded it over the outsiders, for whom a word, a touch, a glance from the Class President or the Homecoming Queen would have meant Nirvana. People come to love what they are used to, and they seek it out again in other guises.

One boy, quiet and repressed in high school, is now treasurer of the Hare Krishna temple where he has been a member for years. He has married a woman even meeker than himself and is devoted to his exploiters, who have given him a role in life. Another, a spindly, bespectacled self-declared boy genius, realised at 18 that 'Jean-Paul Sartre is an imbecile' and *Ulysses* is 'crap'. But it has been downhill for Jamie from there, as he dropped out of UCLA to escape from its contradictory mixture of state control and acid-zonked professors. He then spent a couple of years in Transcendental Meditation, which plotted to turn him into a vegetable, and had a spell with Nichiren Soghu Buddhism. For the following three years he was a Scientologist, balancing financial drain against the intellectual flattery doled out to him as he rose to be one of the 'advanced people', an Operating Thetan, until one day he saw this too was a 'total phony'. Jamie fled to the Midwest, where he now reads Ayn Rand, 'the greatest novelist in human history', and is an active member of the John Birch Society. The present episode leaves this Spiderman still awaiting deeds worthy of his superpowers. On a more sober note, Michael Medved, after years of political activity and the anguish of being in the next room when his hero and boss Robert Kennedy was murdered, returned joyfully to the Orthodox Judaism which his parents had traded in for the suburban, bleached-out version. Setting aside the ten years he wasted in the drug culture, David Wallace has re-ethnicised himself into David Wallechinsky, but he lives in a wing of the mansion belonging to his father, millionaire novelist Irving Wallace.

The very superficiality of Medved and Wallechinsky's taped encounters gives their book the thrill and pace of cheap fiction. It's an added – and particularly contemporary – pleasure to have the highly conventional biopic type narratives buttressed by the assertion that all this is true – i.e. no imagination at all has intervened between the subject's set of

This English

The ways in which rules of syntax and diction can be violated are, after all, finite, so it would be nice if we could expand our 'cloth-ear' section to include all kinds of insensitive writing – word repetitions, inadvertent rhymes, and so on. The stylish Anthony Powell began a sentence with 'Standing on the landing . . .', and I once came across this sonorous sentence in a thriller: 'The cook took a look at the book.' We begin this week with a fine sample; more please, o my myrmidons. Next, two NS bigwigs get the treatment (mis-numbering and nob's pronoun). And we close with a smashing homophone.

☐ The procedure to be followed, and which Mr Abraham and his employers followed to the letter, is as follows. **Simon Winchester** *Guardian* (M. Davies)

☐ . . .there is no way in which you can change the basis of a hereditary chamber except by removing the hereditary element – as the presence of some 700 eligible hereditary peers continue to demonstrate. **Anthony Howard** *Observer* (Dr Elisabeth Harris)

☐ Secondly, they carry on a running argument with sociologists, whom they think have so far too much occupied the field. **Richard Hoggart** *Guardian* (H.S. Pickering)

☐ The tubby black policemen standing on the airport tarmac, replete with shinily starched khaki shorts, thick stockings and solemn topees **Ian Smiley** *Spectator*

FRANZ KAFKA

Letters to Friends, Family and Editors (£19.50) is the largest most important addition to Kafka's work available in English for several years, and includes a number of previously unpublished letters. 'These magnificent letters meticulously set up and annotated show us aspects of Kafka that were only hinted at in earlier collections and help us to trace his development from unhappy young law student and insurance manager-administrator to novelist and short writer of genius.' — *Publishers Weekly.*

NEW FICTION

David Galloway's first full-length novel, **A Family Album** (£5.95) is an extended contemplation of passing time in three generations of a Southern States family, seen through six snap-shots taken from their photograph album. '. . . an intense, lovely and surprising new novel . . .' — *The New York Times Review of Books.*

SAMUEL BECKETT

Six Residua (£4.50) brings together six prose texts that were all begun as long prose works, but abandoned, extracted or reduced by the author. Their power and purity and, in the case of the later works, great compression, put them at the peak of his creative achievement. The volume includes: *From an Abandoned Work, Enough, Imagination Dead Imagine, Ping, Lessness* and *The Lost Ones.* Newly available in paperback are Samuel Beckett's **Collected Poems in English and French** (£1.95), which contains all the English poems the author wishes to preserve, the entirety of the poems in French and bilingual versions of poems by Eluard, Apollinaire and Chamfort, and the long thought lost translation of Rimband's *The Drunken Boat.*

PLATFORM BOOKS

Christopher Small's highly praised **Music-Society-Education**, a radical critique of the position of music in Western society and comparison with music in other, less industrialised cultures, is newly available in paperback (£3.25). **Scotland: The Devolution of Power** (£7.50 & £3.50) is John Mercer's clearsighted and critical account of all that devolution entails for both Scotland and the rest of the UK

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self-fictionalising lies and the reader. The subject's presumed self-exploitation gives the reader a licence to drool. There is wonderful dirt in the history of the class tramp, a subdued, unhappy woman, thrice married, who slept with 425 men during two teenage years, and then stopped counting. Her life, bitter enough for her, functions in the book mainly as an amazing justification for the widely held male adolescent belief that all girls are virgins, which is why they won't put out for you, except for a few hard-to-find genuine whores, who do it with anybody, which accounts for why your friends seem to have had so much more experience than you.

The book's most original novelistic creation, however, is Pali High's true New Man, a smarmy narcissist appropriately voted Boy Most Likely To Succeed. Although reminiscing is 'bad for the spleen', Mark recalls how he left a girlfriend 'because she put control patterns on me', then went gay for a while because 'male homosexuals have looked at my body and seen something that was attractive'. One day the *I Ching* told Mark to return to California to meet a Master, which he did. Today he is a 'reverend' without collar in John Roger Hinkin's Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness, a Santa Monica group aiming at Mystical Traveller Consciousness. Mark practises his vocation by giving massages at a price ('I've always liked touching people') and by directing cosmic energies, at which he feels he is getting better and better. This is a man we should all watch – I'm sure he wouldn't mind.

Christopher Hitchens

Fire & Water

Human Rights by DAVID OWEN *Cape* £4.50 and £2.50

Palmerston's famous remark that Britain has 'no permanent friends, only permanent interests' is often taken as the acme of cynical *realpolitik*. In fact, like other old saws such as 'the art of the possible', it is little more than a memorable tautology. Those who want to change a policy or reform a system can as easily appeal to these phrases as can the hidebound and the nostalgic. Calculations about the value of the Atlantic Alliance, the durability of Smith or the advisability of the Shah are all to do with 'realism', and there would be no point in advancing 'principled' policies about them if this were not so. The lesson that support for dictatorships is usually short-sighted has been dearly bought, but has stuck because, like Anti-Slavery, it is common sense and good business.

These are among the considerations not dealt with in David Owen's volume on human rights. One says 'volume' because it is really a collection of speeches and articles culled from the past, fast year of his Foreign Secretaryship; as such, it is a dutiful rather than an inspiring read. Owen is (in my opinion) easily the best of the Labour Foreign Secretaries largely because his tenure has coincided with a re-making of US strategy. The old British role of playing the occasionally surly poodle can now be relaxed and expanded a little. 'Human Rights' is the brave new language in which this rather cautious rethink is expressed. One is reminded of Roosevelt refurbishing capitalism and the military while talking of 'the little fellow' and the four freedoms. (Then as now, of course, the Right were too stupefied with racism and anti-communism to see the favour being done them.)

Owen is not a great one for ideological debates in depth. His own brand of Christian Fabianism is the dominant theme (perhaps it is for Christian reasons that he contributes a whole chapter on human rights in Britain without once mentioning Northern Ireland). The section on Eurocommunism is so full of truisms that its sheer 'reasonableness' and lack of bite are almost numbing. But the *Guardian*-leader style is, however, sometimes mitigated.

The best elements of the collection are its continual and genuine emphasis on the evil of racialism, and its honesty about the inconsistency which a policy of moral values must involve. These are, I suppose, as much Christian precepts as they are any other kind. But poor old socialism gets drowned in schlock, defined out of existence as variously altruism, participation, active democracy and responsibility. The old pulpit pioneers at least knew better than that, and when they mangled Scripture into socialism they were careful to stir in some fire, some struggle and even some hatred.

Still, it is a real tonic to have a Foreign Secretary who is loathed by the Tories, and to have human rights as a semi-official principle, however qualified and compromised. Gladstone used to intone that what was morally wrong could never be politically right, and the singular unhelpfulness of *that* remark, too, finds its echo here (what could the Grand Old Man have meant? Victorian statesmen seem to have been dedicated to circularity). But at least we now have a more elevated standard by which to criticise foreign policy. Owen is one of the few Ministers in this Government whom one will miss if the Thatcher holocaust comes.

Peter Porter

At the Admission Centre

The man who asks if I know
that someone has left lying
two hundred pounds' worth
of spanners near the Nurses'
Home might be a patient
or he might be staff.

But there is no doubt at all
that this is a factory. The workers
have served an apprenticeship
and their manner shows it. Words,
however, come out violently
or with a plethora of metaphors.

Visitors and friends flinch at
so much expertise. It's wise,
while waiting, to imagine the smile
of a Weymouth Street surgeon,
the returning of letters, or
the room darkening around your face.

John Campbell

Party-Going

Conservative Dissidents: Dissent Within the Parliamentary Conservative Party, 1970-74 by PHILIP NORTON *Temple Smith* £10

The House the Left Built: Inside Labour Policy Making, 1970-75 by MICHAEL HATFIELD *Gollancz* £8.50

Under a predominantly two-party system, relations between the parties matter extraordinarily little. Every four or five years battle is joined, and so long as one side secures a workable majority that is the end of it; only ritual hostilities are kept up, until the next time. Even at election time, indeed, there is no hand-to-hand fighting, merely a beauty contest with the vast anonymous electorate as the judge. The real political battles are fought exclusively within the parties.

The absence of intercourse between the nominal adversaries is graphically illustrated by the juxtaposition of these two books; both treat in careful detail the politics of the early 1970s, but there is almost no point of contact, let alone overlap, between them. Philip Norton describes the failure of the Conservative Government to retain the allegiance of its own supporters in the House of Commons, while Michael Hatfield tells the story of the Labour Left's attempt to commit the party leadership, while in opposition, to a specifically socialist programme whose obligations it would be unable to evade in office. Literally the only event which impinges on both these private struggles is the breakdown, in November 1972, of the talks between the Government and the TUC, which had the effect, on the one hand, of driving the Government into a statutory wages freeze in defiance of the philosophy on which it was elected, and, on the other, of freeing the trade unions to enter into the negotiations with the Labour party which eventually resulted in the Social Contract. This intrusion apart, the Ins and the Outs are shown as the blinkered inhabitants of mutually exclusive worlds.

Philip Norton's is the more remarkable book. Dr Norton is a political scientist of uncommon rigour, who has already published a massive analysis of voting figures in the House of Commons, 1945-1970. Though he confesses to being an active Conservative in private life, this narrower study of Tory backbenchers 1970-74 is presented in strictly academic terms, prefaced with a forbidding exposition of his analytical methodology and furnished with the fullest apparatus of source identification (even where unattributable) that I have ever seen. His industry is extraordinary, his scholarship impeccable; all of which makes his indictment of Edward Heath the more devastating.

His conclusion, which he insists he neither sought nor expected, is that the supreme reason (or, as he would put it, the 'dependent variable') for the unprecedented level of disloyalty on the part of Tory backbenchers which he charts, division by division, in the 1970 Parliament was nothing other than the personality of the PM. It was not simply that Heath tried to lead the party in directions in

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which much of it was disinclined to follow – the EEC, local government reform, incomes policy, the support of lame ducks, Maplin, down to minor irritants like museum admission-charges. Harold Macmillan had notoriously done the same thing, but he got away with it by skilful and above all sensitive party management. Paradoxically, his Chief Whip for the first half of his premiership was the insensitive Ted Heath. But one of Dr Norton's conclusions is that the whips are not a significant factor in determining the level of intra-party dissent: Heath's whips, led by Francis Pym, were notably light on the disciplinary rein. It was Heath's own stubborn refusal to accept reasoned amendments or even listen to backbench opinion before ignoring it (his 'result-orientated approach'), and his contemptuous, if high-principled, neglect of the sweetening arts of patronage, which maximised the opposition to every measure and left it with no outlet but the ultimate sanction of the division lobby.

Of course, the rebels were always a minority; but the patience of the most loyal was severely tried, to the extent that the party as a whole was driven to elect as chairman of the backbench 1922 Committee, not the usual conciliatory figurehead but the Prime Minister's known antagonist, Edward du Cann. Heath's hold on the party leadership was by 1974 dependent on his retention of Downing Street; losing the latter, the former was quickly taken from him. Poor man, he really was his own worst enemy. All this has long been known; but nothing in contemporary history has ever been so conclusively proved.

Michael Hatfield's is a far more conventional book, usefully retelling another broadly familiar story, but adding little that is new. Whereas every page of Dr Norton's book will be of absorbing interest to every Conservative MP (and especially to the whips), I suspect that no Labour politician will learn anything that he does not already know from Mr Hatfield, and indeed that many will find much to contest. As a *Times* political correspondent for the past seven years, he has gathered his information from the usual sources in the usual ways, and he now reproduces it in a loose, somewhat sloppy style. For instance, whenever he writes that a certain committee 'included' (for example) Mikardo, Benn, Heffer and Mrs Hart, one is never sure that he does not really mean 'comprised'; and he can never resist a trite characterisation – 'a former metallurgist, Pitt had a sharp instinct for detecting hair-line cracks in the party'.

Nevertheless it is a good journalist's spin-off book. He reminds us how wide was the gap between the trade unions and the Labour party in the wake of *In Place of Strife*; how conservative social democrats like Anthony Crosland had become by 1970 ('I think the constant call for new policies or dramatic new statements is a sign of a rather hysterical reaction to temporary electoral unpopularity'); and how this complacency, coupled with their weary reaction to the loss of office, led them fatally to neglect the party policy committees, making it easy for the more determined Left to push through commitments, particularly in the field of nationalisation and industrial intervention, which it later took them all their time and a lot of damaging effort to soften or exclude from the 1974 manifesto. The leadership succeeded in scrambling back towards the middle ground only by harnessing the trade unions' greater interest in prices and pensions than in schemes of industrial control: the electoral boon of the Social Contract was skilfully used to smother the more divisive demands for increased socialism. The unions' militancy was of strictly limited application.

Once returned to office, with the authority of government again behind them, it was then child's play for Wilson and Healey to complete the emasculation of the Left's original vision by simply establishing the new National Enterprise Board without any of the assets or the far-reaching powers on which the policy committees had always insisted. A Labour Government is an entirely different animal from the Labour party in opposition. As a member of the National Executive and of its vital subcommittees, Tony Benn was a powerful figure; as a Cabinet Minister he was helpless, and Hatfield's book ends dramatically with his sacking from the Department of Industry.

The theme of both these books is conflict within the parties. Unwelcome though it may be to those who would prefer to see politics as an open contest between two united armies across the floor of the House of Commons, they underline the truth that Westminster today is the scene, not of one great national debate, but of two quite independent civil wars, fought largely out of sight of the public in the corridors, committee-rooms and lobbies. The only enemies a politician really has to fear are those on his own side.

Neil Curry

Ways and Means

How may one cope with a hard land
Where the blanched grass keeps crisp so
long gone noon,
And does not flinch even from a footfall?

The marmot and the brown bear
knew the signs
When their starved shadows
nudged them sharply
One yellow afternoon among the
pine cones,

And they worked away at it with
their jaws,
Yes, snuffled most assiduously
with their snouts,
Earning (for who could begrudge them?)
a time

To cuddle up now into their fat fur
And suck their claws contentedly
through winter
Blind to all the sleights of its brutal mirage,

Where the need is for the now and
the hunting hard,
Like that of the fox, who is out betimes
Though the morning is dark, and
only the wind comes

Blathering through the trees, or the kite
That will flutter into the air should a
pouter lumber
Crop-full of dirt, up out of the blunt grass

That does not flinch even from a footfall.

Michael Mason

Cant Down

Women and Children First: The Fiction of Two World Wars by MARY CADOGAN and PATRICIA CRAIG *Gollancz* £7.50

It's hard to state at all precisely what *Women and Children First* is about – short of listing the ill-assorted collection of stories and novels mentioned in its pages. All these stories and novels deal to some extent with the subject of women and children in the first and second world wars, but otherwise, as the blurb says, the book's range is broad: 'fiction of all kinds, at all levels, for every kind of audience – Elizabeth Bowen . . . Warwick Deeping . . . *Sexton Blake*.' Now to undertake a proper survey of the theme of women and children in the world wars in all kinds and at all levels of 20th-century fiction would be a huge project – and *WCF* is less than 300 pages long. The authors' solution is to be ruthlessly selective without a word of explanation of their inclusions and omissions. At Level One, War One alone, there is no mention of Ford Madox Ford, R. H. Mottram, Dos Passos (Hemingway is discussed), or Lawrence's *England My England* (and scarcely of *Kangaroo*).

This is cultural-historical madness, but there is a measure of nasty method in it. The choice of material is biased in favour of a

ISR Publications

Technological Development in Industry
A Survey of Social Aspects
By Lewis F. Abbott
University of Salford

This Report provides a comprehensive survey of the organisational, commercial, industrial relations, public policy and legislative, educational and training, and production work aspects of the technological development process in manufacturing firms. The management and social science literature on the subject is reviewed; and twenty-five major firms representing six industries-mechanical engineering, construction, textiles, food and drugs, petroleum, and chemicals-are studied in depth.

Industrial Systems Research Publications
26 Brown Street, Manchester M2 1DN
England. *ISBN 0 906321 00 X*

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smugly progressive view of 20th-century attitudes to war and the participants in war. Perhaps we do think more sensibly about the subject than we did 50 or 60 years ago, but the case for saying this cannot be made by quoting from Biggles books and the *Magnet* and contrasting them with those children's novels of World War II which are admittedly

> more refined and admirable than the standard contemporary sacrifice of realism to propaganda, when every German who appeared was a sadistic thug, totally indoctrinated with the ideals of Nazism.

Of this standard view of the enemy in the World War II the authors give no illustration, though they go gleefully to town on quotations from an earlier period about 'the Kaiser's butchers'.

This says something about the current fashionability of everyday materials from the recent past. 'Nostalgia' is the word customarily summoned, but it is mis-applied when the past is regarded with as much condescension, and even contempt, as it is in this book. There is a good deal of the same feeling in the impulse that makes middle-class people pay too much money for an Edwardian seaside souvenir or a tatty Victorian print of a rural idyll. Condescension is a comfortable, encouraging state of mind and Britain has recently discovered in a big way the pleasures of condescension about the past. It is not seriously objectionable as an attitude towards bric-à-brac, but human history is not bric-à-brac, and there is a kind of immorality in treating one's predecessors like gifts from Edwardian Southend. It is a disservice to their memory and, very often, a way of losing sight of important lessons about human nature. It is not enough brightly to label as 'propaganda' the fervid talk about heroism and patriotism of the Great War, as the authors of this book do. Elsewhere they write with a really staggering lack of historical imagination of 'the vapid consolations of a sense of heroic sacrifice'. The ideals of masculine military prowess and courage have been prominent at most periods and in most societies, though this may nowadays seem very mistaken. Not to try for some inwardness and sympathy with these ideals is to cut oneself off from a substantial and durable part of civilisation's experience.

Ms Cadogan and Ms Craig are nothing if not dogged in denouncing predecessors. With them you can't win. *The Boys' Own Paper* is crassly patriotic, but *Not So Quiet* . . . (Evadne Price, 1930) is censured for its 'constant outcry' against crass patriotism. The same novel's sexual candour is no good because 'promiscuity' isn't treated as a 'positive gesture' (and long may it not be) but Berta Ruck's heroines are reprehensibly maidenly, and the anonymous *WAAC: The Woman's Story of War* (1930) 'lacks the courage to be openly pornographic'. The authors keep whipping out new and baffling formulations of disparagement to beat down antediluvian fiction: characters are 'carried away by untenable emotions'; the 'tone' of Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero* (1920) is 'merely warped'; in A. J. Cronin, 'the women's repugnant qualities are not presented sharply or stringently; they are merely reiterated in situations that illustrate but don't exploit them.'

Some of this vocabulary ('untenable', 'exploit') does flow from a consistent point of view about fiction – namely, a crudely didactic one. By this measure most contemporary novels about women and children in the wars score highly. *The Children of the House* (Brian Fairfax-Lucy and Phillipa Pearce, 1968) is approved because its child heroes become 'pleasant, well-mannered, spirited adolescents', *Flambards in Summer* (K. M. Peyton, 1969) because the heroine 'is not in the least embittered or Teutophobic'. Her emotions are presumably 'tenable'. The authors cannot bring themselves to commend Marghanita Laski's *Love on the Supertax*. It fails to 'provide a useful social guideline' – but it does date from 1944. The nearer we get to the present the brighter glows the dawn of right thinking about war, women and children. Exactly what constitutes right thinking has been made a bit unclear by the contortions performed in the effort to discredit all fictions written on these topics before the 1940s. The only certainty is that promiscuity must be a positive gesture. But the sympathetic reader will take heart from a general sense of bad old times and good new ones.

Timothy Mo

Mownwwaargh

Whistle by JAMES JONES *Collins* £5.50
The Far Pavilions by M. M. KAYE *Allen Lane* £5.95

Norman Mailer once described the early James Jones as the worst writer of prose ever to give intimations of greatness. Quite apart from the surface of the presentation, though, there is a lot more to dislike about Jones's writing: the same things, in fact, that can be disliked about Mailer (who happens to be a superb stylist). The fake toughness thinly overlaying a desperately maudlin romanticism, puerile misogyny, and a total inability to laugh at oneself: Jones was guilty of all this and more. He perpetrated a couple of truly abominable books and yet without doubt he was also a major writer.

Whistle, Jones's posthumous novel, is intended as the third part of a Pacific War trilogy comprising *From Here to Eternity* (1952) and *The Thin Red Line* (1963). *Eternity*, that blockbuster, was about the brutalities of the pre-Pearl Harbour army. *The Thin Red Line*, set on Guadalcanal, was the purely combat component of the series. *Whistle* takes the story through from just after Guadalcanal, when the four major characters have been shipped back to hospital in California. The mechanisms are simple: none of them can face life without the combat buddies of the old Company, while at the same time most of them aren't stupid enough to want to go back and get killed. So three commit suicide directly or indirectly and the fourth goes mad. In between there is a lot of sexual intercourse. Or at least a lot of sex if not much intercourse. Remember sexual intercourse? Most of it in *Whistle* is actually oral, at the other end of the peristalsis from where Mailer's fictional interests lie. Jones, the writer, had an absolute obsession with cunnilingus. '. . . mownWWWAARRGHNNNNnnnNNHHH!' (believe it or not) goes mess/sgt Strange's girl-friend on p.280 of *Whistle*, in what is actually a muted version of the climactic hulaballoo featured in an earlier Jones novel with a Greek setting.

Technically, I would say Jones is at about the level of Harold Robbins or Herman Wouk. What distinguished him from that crew was not necessarily application (because bad writers don't necessarily set out to be bad and may often be more industrious than good ones) but his sincerity towards his material, his total honesty as a writer. It took courage to reveal himself on the page the way he did. He had another sort of courage, too, because the circumstances under which *Whistle* was written are moving. Jones died of congestive heart failure on 9 May 1977. He worked 12 to 14 hours a day to get *Whistle* finished in what must have been acute discomfort. Laconically, he gave one of the characters his own condition and described the process as basically drowning in the fluids in one's own lungs. Jones was three and a half chapters from the end when he died. He was aware of the short time he had and made tapes and notes showing how he intended the book to finish. These are collected in the published version and actually constitute a very acceptable ending; so Jones can be said to have won his race. *Whistle* is not in the same class as the two earlier books (Prell, the counterpart of *Eternity*'s genuinely tragic Prewitt, is a zero). I used to read every single book Jones published, only wondering why I was doing so as I got older, but still continuing; and I'm sorry I shan't be able to read anything more from this flawed but direct and powerful writer.

I read M. M. Kaye with acute disappointment, having hoped from the prepublicity for, I suppose, some heady combination of Paul Scott and Kamala Markandaya, and getting up-market Heyer instead. *The Far Pavilions* is an over-long, innocently constructed, and gushingly written historical romance of India between the Mutiny of 1857 and the second Afghan War. Centred on the career of Ashton Pelham-Martyn (variously Ashton and Ashok, but mostly Ash to us readers), it moves from the merely improbable to the totally ridiculous. Our hero's parents die; he is brought up by the faithful old Indian servant as her son; discovers his true identity as she lies dying; is sent to public school in England by his uncle's regiment; retains his Indianness in his absence; joins the regiment; falls in love with an Indian princess, his former play-mate; sees his friends massacred; miraculously escapes and spurs off with his woman. There is not a living character among the entire cardboard cast, unless it's the hero's horse. M. M. Kaye's credentials are impeccable. Born in India herself, her husband and his father served in the fictitious Pelham-Martyn's real regiment. Some of the incidents described are apparently based on real-life escapades. One doesn't dispute this. But within the terms of a novel (a serious one anyway) it's not enough to assert that the people and happenings are 'real'.

Among this week's contributors:

JOHN ROMANO teaches English and Comparative Literature at Columbia. His *Dickens and Reality* has just been published by Columbia University Press.

PHILIP FRENCH's books include *The Movie Moguls* and *Westerns*.

HELEN MCNEIL teaches in the Department of English and American Studies at the University of East Anglia.

TIMOTHY MO's first novel *The Monkey King* was published recently by Deutsch.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Russell Davies

We Aren't the Champions

So what have we learnt from this Great Summer of Sport? Having said that (sorry, sorry) I find a great blank invading the mind. Did I really expect that Scottish footballers would play well and behave impeccably while on the loose in South America? No. Was I under the impression that no footballer – especially not a British one – ever took a pep pill? I was not. Did I imagine that the East Germans would see that they had gone too far, return their professional athletics team to jobs in factory and farm, and come away from the European Championships with happy smiling faces and chestfuls of bronze? Not on your podium. Has it surprised me that the only 'surprise' inclusion in the England cricket squad for Australia is a 32-year-old who, as a wicket-keeper, is, *selon* Arlott, 'not among the first dozen in the country'? Naah.

What we have really learnt about sport is that we no longer know what a 'good' performance is. Contexts change so sharply that not even Frank Bough is sure in what register to pitch his sales-blather: Commonwealth goldsters struggle in a dismal last in Prague, causing the sage of Shropshire to dip his pate and hurry on to the next sheet of paper, his hard-working face caught wretchedly between bafflement and shame. The country can no longer tell what level it is striving for, what a realistic aim might be. Even in cricket, where, goodness knows, the number of competing Test teams is small enough to give one a pretty good idea of where one stands internationally at any given time, the situation is frustratingly distorted by the unavailability of commercially feuding players. In football, we have been regularly put out of the official status-race so early on that we have sunk further than ever into the state of mind which insists that, though English football may not beat all comers, the *competition* within the English League is somehow unrivalled. The theory seems to be that the friction generated by our long, arduous and undeniably close-contested season stores itself, by a battery-like process of accumulation, until the whole structure positively glows with resplendent energy.

A closer look at these domestic competitions of ours – 'the best in the world' – reveals them to be frequently sordid, and staffed by people who would not be interested in being in any absolute way the 'best', even if they had the ability to approach that standard. It is worth taking seriously for a moment the appalling dicta issued last week by Tommy Smith, after he had finished kicking Osvaldo Ardiles up in the air. 'Ardiles and others like him', the cratered relic warned the *Daily Express*,

> can't expect to come to Swansea and play like fancy flickers. They have joined the toughest League in the world and they will have to take the knocks . . . The tackle was to make it clear to him that he wasn't just playing against a Third Division side. It was to say 'This is a man's League' and he didn't like it.

The 'tough defender', as the *Express* put it, 'born in Liverpool's notorious Scotland Road', concluded: 'I think they ought to buy a good stock of cotton wool for these posers. They can't expect not to be tackled just because Argentina won the World Cup.' If I were an Argentinian sports fan, I think I should end up choking with incredulous rage over this. How is this man allowed to say such things? Are there no laws to protect opponents against frank intimidation?

I suppose the reason why we are not as shocked as we ought to be by the likes of Smith is that we recognise his outburst as a traditional refrain of the sporting 'character'. Smith is saying what is expected of him. Rubbishy hair-on-chest stuff like this is supposed to be chuckled over: it's the sports-page equivalent of the local bully staggering on to the pub stage of a Saturday night and singing a bedraggled but still threatening version of *My Way*. Smith, like Sinatra, knows he's thought of as an Old Incorrigible, and correctly perceives that by playing up to the image he can make himself beloved of lazy minds. Because the British public, in its heart, really loves a character, even a villainous one, better than a winner.

Never has this preference been more clearly indicated than in the case of Steve Ovett, who won a gold and a silver at the European Athletics meeting, yet failed to win the approval of the sports editorials. He had offended against the Characters' Code, you see, by walking away from the fuss after his victory. No toothy grins and regional sentiments, *à la* Big Bren. Just the winner's medal, thank you very much. The popular press hated Ovett for this. It was as much as they could do not to call him a spoilsport. But surely it is becoming clear enough now that winning, against today's competition, leaves you less time for being a human being. If we seriously want to breed winners (and I sincerely trust we will be the last to take 'breed' literally), then we are going to have to get used to admiring uncommunicative, rude and bumptious people. For a time, too, we are going to have to put up with large numbers of aspiring champions who mistakenly believe that the chance of success increases in direct proportion to the stroppiness of the demeanour (a principle which would seem to have helped Geoff Capes out of the competition in Prague). On the other hand, there will be many temperaments who will simply refuse to fall out with the whole world for the sake of a medal. I think I am probably with them. One collects enough enemies in the natural course of things without pole-vaulting directly up their noses.

The public, in the end, has to make its choice: to decide whether it wants champions or entertainers. There is an enormous and age-old prejudice here in favour of fun-makers. In one way it's grotesque, but in another way natural, that Tommy Smith should be seen as more fun than Steve Ovett. He is naïvely explicit about what he does, and what he does – clogging – is nearer to the heart of human nature, for the average, unexcelling watcher, than Ovett's arrogant superman waving as he breasts the tape. We have long been in two minds about these topics, chiefly because of vociferous minorities like the Yorkshiremen. For them, winning *is* entertaining: there is no better fun. I am not now, nor have I ever been, a member of the Yorkshire *claque* (otherwise known as Boyc's Oiks), but I must say they have had this particular problem sorted out all along. The rest of us haven't. Far from knowing how to establish East German athletic standards here, we don't even know whether we want them. Meanwhile, we go on paying the entertainers all the money.

So ends the Great Summer of Schizophrenia, with the whimpers loudest in Somerset, whose cricketers managed to lose two sponsored comps in consecutive days. They looked pretty tired; and Botham's tactics were even more knackered than his physique. I predicted almost every indignant bouncer he bowled, and so did the batsmen. He must be persuaded to think more complicatedly in Australia. As tired as anybody, I dare say, was John Arlott, who had to do the John Player commentary from Taunton all by himself, while Jim Laker covered another likely game. 'Laker must be laughing,' he gruntled, 'because I can't hand over to him after twenty overs.' Listening for these off-mike beefs has become one of the summer's tiny pleasures. Did you hear Coleman, in Edmonton, distantly howling 'It's RIDICULOUS!'? He even chokes himself in private.

In a couple of weeks' time, I hope to be in a position to let you know how much of the surprising Italian athletic success in Prague can be put down to sunshine, Chianti, conviviality and doing nothing.

Films – 1

Martin Amis

Somebodaddy

Heaven Can Wait *Plaza: ABCs Fulham Road and Bayswater*
The Silent Partner *Scene 4, Leicester Square; Classic 3, Oxford Street; ABCs Fulham Road and Bayswater*

I guess somebody down there likes Him – or is there a more complex secret behind the unquenchable American thirst for squidgy movies about the hereafter? Characters vanishing and materialising with a celestial *ping;* an oven-fresh ghost flailing and hollering at his unseeing mourners; a baffled but immaculate superstar knee-deep in quiffed orange clouds; a benevolent Somebodaddy commiserating in woeful quadrophonic: the conventions are familiar enough these days, though conventions have never been more tempted to pass themselves off as parody, or nostalgia, or 'send-up'. But send up what, and where to, and how high? More probably, the tradition merely [illegible]

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icable pang in the American nature. Death is not to be feared; death happens to famous actors too; death is as vulgar as everything else. Just watch us make money out of it.

In *Heaven Can Wait,* the latest in the line (and only a matter of months after *Oh, God!,* God help us), Warren Beatty plays Joe, a powerful quarterback with the Los Angeles Rams. 'He's looking awful good,' the coaches keep murmuring as Joe sprays the passes over the grid. (Forty-year-old Warren is also looking good, awful good, so good that you assume he subsists on the same spinach-mould and alfalfa-sprout diet that Joe stays trim on, eked out with a Hollywood head-transplant every couple of months.) One day Joe cycles to what is apparently his death, splatted in a tunnel by a rogue dormobile. Dreamily Joe reappears in a powder-puff purgatory. Concorde is waiting to fly him upstairs. Suited, nervous Buck Henry (a Throne perhaps, or possibly a Dominion) and suave, impeccable James Mason (definitely a Cherub, or even a Seraph) stroll towards him across the firmament. Joe won't go. Quickly the angels establish that there has been a mistake, that Buck has been too zealous. The dormobile swerved at the last moment. Why, Joe isn't due up there for another 50 years.

Joe now has a re-entry problem; and so does the film. Throughout its middle section, *Heaven Can Wait* turns into a quite different sort of comedy – a reasonably funny one. The angels have to equip Joe with a new human body, a body that happens to be on the point of death: they equip him with Leo Farnsworth, a very mad and very nasty millionaire who is in the process of being poisoned by his wife and his business manager (excellent, jittery performances from Dyan Cannon and Charles Grodin). The switch is made. Farnsworth was feared and hated by his entire household ('If he weren't going to be dead soon,' says the self-righteous Grodin, 'he would need *years* of psychiatric help'), so affable Joe, who is nice to everyone, including the servants, has an entertainingly hard time adapting to his eccentric new incarnation: 'Sisk,' Joe asks his butler in weary wonderment, 'why have I got so many of these sailor outfits?' Joe also has to elude the redoubled murder-bids of Cannon and Grodin. When he tosses his jacket on to the bed, for instance, the ceiling falls down on it. Meanwhile, too, Joe is getting to like being Farnsworth: he has taken a shine to Julie Christie, a spirited petitioner against one of Farnsworth's routine ecological atrocities, and he has started to nurse a dream of rejoining the LA Rams, of leading the Rams to victory as quarterback in the Super Bowl play-off.

With the realisation of Joe's dreams, the movie returns to guileless uplift. Joe is obliged to undergo a further reincarnation when his bungling cuckolders finally manage to dispatch him. Joe goes on looking the same despite these changes. This is confusing. Or, rather, this is not confusing enough, since everyone is confused by the changes, except the audience, which isn't. Anyway, there is a divine plan, and Joe hurls and shoulders his way to Super-Bowl glory. He gets to get the girl too. Entirely characteristically, the Warren/Julie stuff is blushful, faltering and cutely idealised – perhaps because the promoters felt they could rely on the headlining carnality of the couple's off-screen dealings.

Warren Beatty is a comic actor of unusual facility, and one who has no trouble communicating his busy amiability. It seems, though, that the more control he has over a film (he wrote this one with Elaine May, directed it with Buck Henry, and produced it all by himself), the less he gives himself to do on screen. Even in his hack heart-throb days – tossing the gags around with, say, Leslie Caron – he was far more fun to watch, with his mobile, slightly panicky features, than he is here. *Shampoo,* that mawkish but sprightly satire, looks a long way away, and *Bonnie and Clyde,* which was paradoxically Beatty's comic masterpiece, looks even further. But then Arthur Penn directed *Bonnie and Clyde.*

Press-show cinemas are bad places to watch frightening films. No one but you is frightened of them. While I sit in a state of candid, jolting terror through films like *The Awful Dr Crazy's Quite Incredibly Horrific House of Unbelievably Nasty Horrors,* my movie-worn colleagues would, I'm sure, loll imperturbably through *The Exorcist Meets Jaws.* So it was with *The Silent Partner,* which had me sinking ever-lower into my seat as the rest of the audience chortled and yawned. It is certainly a very bad and implausible film, one that would have been a sunny U-certificate comedy-thriller ten years ago – with wry, weedy Elliott Gould pulling a fast one on his First Bank of Toronto employers, and running off with the money and his nice fellow-teller Susannah York. The conventions are as airy as ever: only now they include jaw-crunching, decapitation, pubic hair and swearing. They also include Christopher Plummer as the psychotic sadist, who, at least for the first half-hour, gives a thoroughly X-certificate performance.

Films – 2

Mark Kidel

On the Road

Renaldo and Clara *Camden Plaza*

Renaldo and Clara is not a straight movie. It is a tortuous and uncompromising film, unlikely to appeal to anyone but those already captured by Bob Dylan's magic and susceptible to the many mythological references scattered throughout the 3 hours 52 minutes of its length. The portrait of the artist as a rock musician on the road – in this case a *vérité* account of Dylan's 1976 Rolling Thunder Review tour in the USA, interwoven with fictional scenes improvised by members of the tour band and entourage and directly inspired by actual events – might at first sight appear self-indulgent and narcissistic, given that the epic was written and directed by Dylan himself. No other rock musician, after all, has ever dared present his audience with a similar self-portrait.

Dylan succeeds however, because he has refused, in characteristic style, to define himself: it is this mutability, the absence of a recognisable image, which makes the film and its ridiculously self-effacing hero (he hardly speaks at all) so absorbing. Dylan has always preferred expressing himself in song rather than press interviews, preferring ambiguity to interrogation. The structure of the film – or perhaps more accurately its lack of structure, relying on echo and unsettling juxtaposition rather than simple and coherent narrative – reflects the same love of the oblique, an unwillingness to be trapped by easily digested clarity. Bob Dylan plays Renaldo, retiring behind a fantasy; but like the white-painted face he wears on stage through most of the tour, it is a means for self-expression, a masquerade designed to help something of the truth about himself emerge.

The film moves at a slow, natural pace. As it makes no concessions to lowest-common-denominator boredom, it is a style which inevitably produces sequences to which each individual will react in a subjective way, and in his or her time. The deliberate confusion between drama and *vérité* scenes helps create an atmosphere which is free of illusion and pretence. Nothing is absolutely real or true – including the conventional fly-on-the-wall documentary material; there are only different levels of fantasy, masks, roles and games, myths which are played out, consciously or unconsciously.

The entire film has a dreamlike quality, flowing unpredictably, advancing and returning through time and space with no apparent logic. There are recurrent images of madness, magic and wild eccentricity: Ginsberg reading from *Kaddish* to a hotel-roomful of aging blue-rinse ladies; two crazy preachers haranguing a doubtful crowd from the roof of a VW bus in the middle of New York; glimpses of the paradoxical rebirth of American Indian culture, the anger of the blacks, and the doubts of a white generation that wonders where the Sixties have gone; the darkness of backstage corridors, fleeting landscapes from moving trains, tired faces in dressing-rooms; and dark-eyed ladies with languorous smiles.

Dylan is almost overshadowed by the beautiful women that surround him: Clara (his wife Sara), the Lady in White (Joan Baez) and Scarlet Rivera. They haunt the film like a team of competing enchantresses. It is through his relationship with women 'who hold the keys', as the voice-over in the film declaims, that he will progress on his 'quest'. For *Renaldo and Clara,* like most of the road movies before it, is not just a simple travelogue. Kerouac, the first to chronicle his own drift towards self-discovery, is clearly acknowledged in a graveside pilgrimage made by Dylan and Ginsberg. The road is a very American search for freedom, but it is also symbolic of the spiritual path, the solitary suspension that Dylan has so clearly chosen in preference to the cosiness of conventional stardom.

In most of the concert sequences, Dylan sings with unnerving force. His offstage persona, soft, gentle but stubborn and quietly centred, hardly reveals any emotion. The emotion pours out on stage. He is totally transformed, almost possessed at times, and yet it is never a contrived or posed energy, in the manner of so many rock heroes. It has genuine energy by virtue perhaps of coming *through* him as opposed to being the simple expression of an inflated ego. There is also a deeply stirring and quite un-self-pitying openness and vulnerability: Dylan (and Renaldo) may not talk too much, but in his songs, and by extension this film, he has revealed far more of his personal feelings than most other rock musicians.

John Coleman is on holiday.

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Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Down Home

Rooting *Traverse, Edinburgh*
The Slab Boys and **The Hard Man** *Other Traverse*
Prayer for My Daughter *Theatre Upstairs*
The Passion of Dracula *Queens*
The Matchmaker *Her Majesty's*

Don't be misled when I tell you that I settled into my seat at the Traverse to the sound of scratching, grunting, snorting and the energetic flapping of ears. It wasn't that the audience was behaving like pigs, rather that the pigs were behaving like an audience. There they were, five pink and scrubbed bundles of bacon, awaiting our entry and the start of a play in which their part was to meander around a sty, participating at will and ingesting the porker equivalent of choc-ices and orange squash. And, thanks to the authenticity they helped to add, an absorbing little piece it turned out to be. Robert Holman, it may be remembered, recently scored some success in London with his *German Skerries*, which involved a group of bird-watchers doing nothing very dramatic; and he is no less understated and self-effacing when it comes to pig-minders. Does your wife like the farm, someone asks its owner. 'She's a teacher,' comes the less-than-relevant answer. 'She teaches art and craft.' That brief exchange is characteristic, both for the little it says and for the much it implies. It is Holman's way of telling us that a marriage may be in trouble.

Gradually it becomes apparent that these mangle-wurzle characters, for all their imperturbability and phlegm, are touched by crises of one kind or another. The pigman's wife is dying in hospital. His daugher is readying herself to abandon him and the country. His boy-helper is self-absorbed and jittery, having homosexual cravings and not knowing how permanent they are. The farmer's right-hand-man is off to university to become a vet. And the farmer himself plans to transform his piggery into a sort of animate assembly-line in a last, desperate effort to make it pay. Singly, none of them may mean very much, deftly characterised though each of them is. Collectively, they map out terrain which our predominately urban theatre tends to ignore, presumably in the belief that the country is what Sydney Smith long ago accused it of being, 'a kind of healthy grave'. If Mr Holman is to be credited – and, as the son of a pig-farmer himself, why shouldn't he be? – it is nothing of the sort. Those with alert ears and eyes won't find *Rooting* the least dull, and even the dumb and blind must recognise their dependence on the world it evokes, and hence the importance of rural depopulation, agricultural industrialisation, the elusiveness of profits, and the other worries it glances on.

The acting is immaculately off-handed, as if this were a documentary rather than a play; but then the years have taught us to expect nothing less than excellence from the Traverse. Where would the Edinburgh Festival be without its originality, or, for that matter, the fringe without its professionalism? This time, it is dividing its forces between two theatres, the one its usual attic above the drear Grassmarket, the other a few hundred yards southwards, a low-church hall whose starkly penned-in pews would seem to postulate an audience with back-bones of fibreglass and buttocks of reinforced steel. And, indeed, the going in the Other Traverse can be hard, at any rate for the droopy English. The visiting Glaswegians laughed long and heartily at the frisky young lions of John Byrne's *Slab Boys*, their verbal claws ready for any Daniel unlucky enough to venture into the cage where they spend their working days; but the middle-class Scots girl beside me found much of the argot barely penetrable, and, as for me, I kept sliding an imaginary radio-receiver up to my ear in hopes of hearing some supernal translator explain that when the slum boy told the baby-faced nob 'yerjoostendthattanmdlthatblzr' he meant 'you just stand there and model that blazer'. Still, the two-thirds I managed to decode clearly justified some of the fuss. Here's an increasingly familiar subject, the failure of a myopic boss-class to recognise that the prankster and trouble-maker may actually be an imaginative, energetic and potentially very capable young adult whose once-and-only resources are being squandered; but rarely can it have been handled with such dash and fun.

But then dash and fun wouldn't always be appropriate. They certainly wouldn't suit *The Hard Man*, which is also, and more factually, about the perversion of talent. Tom McGrath wrote it with and about Jimmy Boyle, once called 'the most dangerous man in Scotland', and now sculpting heads and reading for a psychology degree in Barlinnie Jail. It could, I suppose, be taken as an exercise in self-justification, a prolonged denial of personal responsibility, given its emphasis on its protagonist's dog-eat-dog background and on the excrescences of the Scots penal system; but it isn't that, quite. For one thing, the play's first and last words are that it is 'my version of my story', a more-or-less explicit invitation to the audience to correct for bias and self-pity. For another, it doesn't disguise the erstwhile viciousness of a criminal whose original speciality as a sculptor was the carving of graffiti on the faces of those who displeased him. Rather, it is graphically and sometimes horribly bloody in its insistence that violence in Glasgow is 'an art-form, practised in and for itself', and Peter Kelly is nothing if not grim and chilling as the backstreet Tamberlaine. The only pity is that the action stops short of his education and reclamation. There are, after all, those who would have such men hanged, and probably drawn and quartered too. The Boyle saga is powerful proof of their shortsightedness.

Back in tourist-jammed London, everything seems to have come out in stars and stripes. New York is the source and setting of Thomas Babe's *Prayer for My Daughter*, a talented if overwrought piece about two cops whose symbiotic encounter with their suspects veers from the venomous to the cuddlesome. America is also the origin of Bob Hall and David Richmond's contribution to the *Dracula* files, though it occurs in an England weirdly populated by James Villiers's plummy squire and Roy Dotrice's mid-European

RTE

DUAIS AN PHIARSAIGH

THE PEARSE PRIZE

To mark the 100th anniversary in 1979 of the birth of P. H. Pearse, the Director-General of Radio Telefís Éireann offers a prize of £1,000 for the best dramatic or literary work written for radio on an Irish Historical subject in Irish or English of not less than forty-five and not more than sixty minutes duration.

The conditions of the competition may be had on application to:

The Director-General,
Radio Telefís Éireann,
Dublin 4.

The envelope should be marked "DUAIS AN PHIARSAIGH".
The closing date for this competition is 31 January 1979.

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medico. Thanks to them and to Clifford Williams's direction, it manages to be aware of its own absurdity and yet passably curdling at the same time: no slight feat. And who should be making a posthumous return to town but Thornton Wilder, that most genial and tolerant of transatlantic playsmiths? This *Matchmaker* hies from Cambridge rep, and could be a good deal faster and funnier; but then a Feydeauesque ferocity would hardly suit its fundamentally sentimental tale of a sly widow-woman who tames a grouchy millionaire, and the gullible apprentices who find love in the Big Apple. 'What we'd like for you is just the right amount of sitting quietly at home,' goes the curtain-speech, 'and just the right amount of adventure': a message, if not for our time, at least for *Our Town*.

Television

Julian Barnes

Acting Ugly

It's a fair rule that actors, who are indulged with our fawning attention to their every syllable while on screen, should reward us by keeping their traps shut when off it. Take Tom Bell, for instance, the disturbing Frank Ross of *Out*, who returned this week as the mega-disturbing Adolf Eichmann in *Holocaust* (BBC-1). Perhaps critical praise has turned that tense and pulsing head of his; at any rate, two days before *Holocaust* started, Bell was busy in the *Evening Standard* distancing himself from the production and allaying those worries he apparently assumed we all had about his part in it. 'I didn't enjoy it,' he confessed, 'But I think the director did. I think he got a kick out of it . . . It's a soap opera designed to be spectacular and make money – which I think is rather disgusting.' Didn't he read the script first? Or did he perhaps count on the series not being released over here? (And is there something sinister in the number of top limey actors stomping through the show in SS uniform?) The fact that Bell is known to be picky about his parts, and has – they tell me – a reputation for gritty integrity (the reason – so they continue – why he hasn't yet risen in fame and earnings to the level of his talent) makes his moral wisdom after the event pretty unattractive. It became more so when, two days later in the *Observer*, he was taking a different tack: 'I got to wear some pretty dresses and strut about in a couple of scenes. I was dead broke and needed the money. That's why I did it.' It sounds like the petulant complaint of a well-rewarded whore.

In fact, Bell's fastidious disgust is misplaced. *Holocaust* is certainly crude, sentimental, badly written ('This is the country of Beethoven, Schiller and Mozart' – 'Unfortunately, none of them are in office now') and improbably reliant on coincidence; it is also tiringly ponderous in making its points (when the ambitious lawyer Dorf first puts on his SS uniform, his tiny son recoils from him; Dorf is then made to muse worriedly, 'It's . . . like a scene from . . . the *Iliad* – Hector puts on his plumed helmet . . . and his son runs away.' Script: Gerald Green). But it is nothing if not unremittingly pious. It produces no wrong emotions; and while it may be historically thin and schematic, it doesn't seriously mislead. The closing titles include the line, 'This program has been recommended by the National Education Association'; and if it's true, as an NBC survey indicated, that most American high-school students think Holocaust is a Jewish holiday, then the series will be a far from despicable primer for them and their British equivalents. Certainly, after nearly 40 years, there's no case for treating the extermination of the Jews as an untouchable subject (it's already been fairly well covered in fiction, poetry and films); and if the event is to continue to serve as a horrible warning, then it shouldn't be excluded from television. Perhaps the objections to the series don't really spring from a proprietorial attitude to history, but are aesthetic, reflecting our squeamishness when deep and harrowing emotions are aroused by bad art. But this is a difficulty which is not peculiar to the Holocaust; it's one of art's oldest irritants.

Another actor who should have been tempted into creditable silence this week was Robert Redford. As he relaxed into camera during *The Outlaw Trail* (LWT), the sun glancing off his straw locks which went with his straw moustache which went with his faded denim shirt which went with his faded off-the-cuff delivery, there was little doubting that here was a decent, honest, committed and eco-concerned actor whose boyish wonder at the tales of the Old West was quite unballasted by any research, sense of history or moral perspective. His show was part travelogue and part faltering history – 'It was built by Cassidy in 1865 or 1866, I can't remember' – but largely adolescent celebration. Redford is so uncritically hooked on the West's legends that in the space of five minutes he managed to give two quite different and incompatible versions of the death of an outlaw: in the first, he was killed by a jealous rival over a woman; in the second, by a black whom he had once humiliated in prison. (Producer: Richard Drewett.)

What Redford conveyed most, though, was the city-liberal's awed, envious admiration for what he takes to be the 'authenticity' of the rustic gangster: 'Everybody respected the outlaw's right to be an outlaw.' He wheeled on some gnarled old-timers with few teeth and less logic; then a young Westerner who said, 'We do not believe that they were murderers and thieves: Butch Cassidy did not kill a single man in his life; they stole a lot of payrolls . . .' One assumed that Redford's answering silence sprang from tact – until his closing remarks: 'I often wonder what would have happened if these fellows had been behind desks, in big corporations, or had gone into government; and from what I know and have found out about these outlaws, I think we'd be in pretty good shape.' A slow freeze to a Kolynos smile, and we were left wondering if Redford would be back in 20 years time, older and just as naïve, saying the same things about the Mafia, and musing about whether we shouldn't respect the SS's right to belong to the SS, since that's the way they saw things.

The week's few laughs came mainly from *The European Athletics Championships* (BBC-1). The *Radio Times*'s jaunty predictions ('The 5,000 metres Final: Brendan Foster, Nick Rose and Mike McLeod provide formidable opposition for the rest of Europe') became increasingly hollow and ironic; and the games produced as many falls as the Trout Hatchery at the *Burghley Horse Trials* (BBC-1). But at least they threw up one instructive cameo. At the medal ceremony for the men's 110 metres hurdles, a pretty Czech girl stepped forward to present bouquets to each of the happy trio. The winner, a German, shook her formally by the hand; the second man, a Pole, took her hand, bent forward from the waist, and gallantly kissed it; the third, a blond Finn straight from a pine-deodorant ad, grabbed her hand, yanked her bodily half on to the podium, and kissed her clingingly on both cheeks. It seemed to say a lot about athletics and the cruel sacrifices that winning demands. None of the British runners in the hurdles qualified for the final; and you can infer what you like from that.

WIGMORE HALL
Manager: William Lyne
DIDO SENGER presents
CRAIG SHEPPARD piano
Wednesday 13th September at 7.30 p.m.
in an ALL CHOPIN programme at the Wigmore Hall Opening Concert Series 1978/79.
£2.20 £1.70 £1.20 70p
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Weekend Competition

No 2531 **Set by Jim Anthony**

We've had a jobs-in-names comp before, but the entries rarely rose above the level of I. Tuggem, the dentist. So the rule this time is that all the names have to be double- (or more) barrelled: for instance, Justin Casey-Howells, the babysitter. Up to five shots each; by 22 September.

Result of No 2528 Set by Paddy Hammer

We asked you to write Saatchi and Saatchi copy for any political party.

Report **by Ms de Meaner**

If there were any Saatchi and Saatchi employees among the entrants, we didn't pick them; but then, I suppose, we were looking for the wrong things – wit, sparkle, point, and so on. Predictably, most of you went for Mrs Thatcher; only Mr Ravensbourne attempted a trickier puff. Six pounds each.

CALLER: Good morning Madam. I've called about the smell on the landing.
LANDLADY: Oh, come in, It don' 'alf pen an' ink! Somethin' awful!
CALLER: May I go upstairs and – er – sniff around?
LANDLADY: Certainly. Anythin' to get rid of that 'orrible pong!

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CALLER: (*sniffs*) I think I know the trouble. Have you got any *Socialists* living here?
LANDLADY: Well, there's two lodgers. Charlie's a chop suey or somefing up Leylands, 'Arry, 'e's a Works Convenience . . .
CALLER: Kick 'em out!
LANDLADY: Eh?
CALLER: Socialists are musty, mouldy, dingy and wet. They spread dry rot throughout Britain.
LANDLADY: Good 'eavens!
CALLER: *And* IMF's prognostications postulate an ongoing negative economic situation, come 1980!
LANDLADY: Well I never!
CALLER: *And* before you can turn round they'll nationalise your Guest House behind your back!
LANDLADY: Ooer!
CALLER: Put Mrs Thatcher in. She'll . . .
LANDLADY: I don't 'ave women lodgers.
CALLER: . . . make your landing fresh and clean! *Only the Conservatives make nasty smells DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC!*

GERRY HAMILL

VOICE: We asked Mrs Jill Knight of Edgbaston to part with her TORY principles for a week . . . (*camera turns to Mrs Knight*), So you're prepared to part with your TORY principles for a week, are you, Jill?
JILL: I am, yes.
VOICE: And you're going to try out this other brand for us?
JILL: That's right, Desmond.
VOICE: One week later, we visited Jill again, to see how she'd got on. (*camera turns to Mrs Knight*) How did you get on, Jill?
JILL: Oh, (*grimace*) terrible. My old principles would have shifted these black and brown stains by now; the maid's bleached my 10 per cent guidelines; the kids have been striking for higher pocket money; the dog's been mugged by the postman; and look, will you come and look at this? (*camera follows Jill to bedroom, where she lifts the bed up*) Reds under here – it's shocking, Desmond. My TORY principles would have had them out by now.
VOICE: So you'd like your TORY principles back, would you?
JILL: Absolutely, Desmond.
VOICE: (*with a slight chuckle*) Sure?
JILL: Oh, definitely. (*camera freezes on Mrs Knight*)
VOICE: So there you are. Proof you can trust TORY every time. And that's a Fact.

BILL GREENWELL

A BAKER'S DOZEN MEMORY TEST
Can you still hear air-raid warnings?
Did you ever have a Land Girl?
Do you remember Lilibet and Margaret Rose?
Were your iron railings torn up?
Was Dad in the Home Guard?
Did you spend your nights in an Anderson shelter?
Were your children evacuated?
Did you have fun with an Oerlikon gun?
Can you still fit your gas-mask?
Were you a faceless figure drawn by Henry Moore?
Do you remember having an Empire?

IF YOU ANSWERED YES, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR MEMORY. THIS TEST WAS DESIGNED BY A TEAM OF EXPERTS IN SOCIO-HISTORICAL LIVING-SITUATIONAL RESEARCH.
IF YOU NOTICED THAT THERE ARE ONLY ELEVEN QUESTIONS, YOU BELONG TO A VERY SPECIAL GROUP, AND YOU HAVE *BEEN SHORT-CHANGED! THESE TWO QUESTIONS WILL MEASURE YOUR INTELLIGENCE:*
Have you forgotten the good old days?
What are you going to do about it?

SUSAN H. LLEWELLYN

Do YOU want to live in a Britain that's fast becoming a
National Farce (only it's
Not Funny) with
No Future – governed by
Numskulls, Fools,
Nincompoops, Fuddy-duddies and
Nauseatingly Full of
Niggers, Fairies,
Nasty, Filthy
Non-stop Fornicators and other
Noxious Freaks? What we need is a
National Flush-out – followed by something
New, Forthright – rule and we mean *rule* by
Nice, Friendly,
Normal, Fair,
Native-born Folk
Like US!

ROBIN RAVENSBOURNE

(Sparkling kitchen. Well-stocked larder open. Well-known songstress MAGS THATCHER turns to camera, wiggling well-manicured hands)
MAGS: Hello there! (*grins*) I wanna sell you a Tory. I'm here to introduce this marvellous new bargain record, with all my favourite songs recorded specially for you. Songs like . . .
ENTHUSIASTIC VOICE (*as selections from MAGS fade into one another*): Yes, they're ALL here, in this FANTASTICALLY SPECIAL SELECTION . . .
MAGS: (*singing*) . . . There'll be blue birds over the white laws of . . . you need hands to show you Howe to budget . . . he's a red toothbrush, I'm a blue toothbrush . . . tax in that old-fashioned way . . . something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue . . . I'll be bringing Eclipse for Callaghan . . . fings ain't what they used to be . . . hang 'em high . . . black is black . . . land of hope and glory . . . you take the right road, and I'll give you my Rhodes . . . blue moo-oo-oon . . .
VOICE: Don't MISS this AMAZING BARGAIN ALBUM, 'Singalong with MAGS!' it's out NOW, in your shops NOW . . .
(*flashback to MAGS*)
MAGS: Yes, folks, I wanna sell you a Tory . . .

WILL BELLENGER

CONSERVATIVE POWER WILL DO MORE FOR YOU – *Because it's biological.*
Stubborn, everyday problems are part of life. They come out of our most fundamental urges. The urge to get on in the world. To keep what belongs to us. To give our families the best. To stand on our own two feet. These are all natural human instincts. They're biological. And only the Conservatives really understand them, because only the Conservatives think *biologically*.
Other parties try to wash away problems with man-made theories. They never work. Life is too deep for them. You need a biological power – the power of the Conservatives – to get right down where it matters. And then you'll see things start to shift! If you voted right last time, you won't want to swap now. But if you didn't, why not cross over to the Conservative Party? It's only natural, after all.

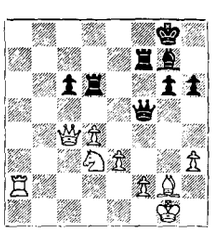
W. J. WEBSTER

Tony Miles

Chess

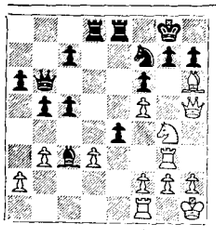
No 99 **Karpov v. Korchnoy**

The World Championship match has rapidly turned into a nightmare for the challenger Victor Korchnoy who equalised in the 11th game thanks to some rare feeble play from the champion. The critical games were the 13th and 14th. The former was adjourned in the diagram position, in which Korchnoy (White to move) has a useful advantage. However, before it was resumed the 14th game was played and also adjourned in an almost certainly won position for Karpov, thus making it all the more essential for Korchnoy to win the 13th. Both games were continued on the same day. In the above position the challenger sealed **41.R-R7,** but thought for 40 minutes before doing so, thus leaving himself already short of time for the second session. He had only one pawn for the exchange, but a second was sure to follow. White's position was clearly superior, but, with best play, probably not winning. The game continued **41. . . . R-B3; 42.RxR, RxR; 43.P-Q5, B-K4;** (an important move to blockade White's passed pawn. Now 44.QxP, QxN; 45.Q-K8ch, K-R2; 46.QxB, Q-Q8ch was fine for Black) **44.PxP, K-N2; 45.B-K4** (That Korchnoy used half his remaining time on this nondescript move is a clear indication that his adjournment analysis was inadequate. The only real attempt to make progress was to push the centre pawns. Instead he avoided this and tried to reach the time control safely, but in doing so was completely outplayed.) **45. . . . Q-N4ch; 46.K-B1, B-Q3; 47.B-Q5, R-K2; 48.B-B3, P-R4; 49.B-Q1, Q-KB4; 50.K-K2, R-K5; 51.Q-B3ch, Q-B3; 52.Q-N3, Q-B4;** (a teasing move, offering to repeat the position, and thus playing on the nerves of Korchnoy, who desperately needed to win) **53.Q-N7ch? R-K2; 54.Q-N2ch, K-R2; 55.Q-Q4, B-B2; 56.Q-KR4?** (White was already worse, having no way to preserve his RP, but this, the last move before the time control hastened the end) **56. . . . R-K5!** (Suddenly White's queen was trapped. He had one way to save her, but then his king's position would have fallen apart.) **57.P-B4, B-N3; 58.B-B2, RxPch; 59.K-Q2, Q-R4ch; 60.K-Q1, Q-R8ch; 61.K-Q2, R-K5; Resigns** (mate is inevitable).



The next two games were drawn, but the 17th almost certainly sealed Korchnoy's fate. From the opening he achieved the sort of unbalanced position that suits him best, and steadily outplayed the champion to reach a won ending. Then instead of winning, he proceeded to construct the sort of help-mate, which under other circumstances would undoubtedly have brought complaints of bribery and corruption.

White: V. Korchnoy **Black: A. Karpov**
1.P-QB4, N-KB3; 2.N-QB3, P-K3, 3.P-Q4, B-N5; 4.P-K3, 0-0; 5.B-Q3, P-B4; 6.P-Q5, P-QN4; 7.QPxP, BPxP; 8.PxP, P-QR3; 9.N-K2, P-Q4; 10.0-0, P-K4; 11.P-QR3, PxP; 12.BxP, BxN; 13.PxB, B-R3; 14.R-N1, Q-Q3; 15.P-QB4, P-Q5; 16.P-QR4, N-B3; 17.N-N3, N-QR4; 18.Q-Q3, Q-K3; 19.PxP, BPxP; 20.P-B5, KR-B1; 21.BxB, QxB; 22.QxQ, RxQ; 23.P-B4, RxP; 24.B-R3, R-Q4; 25.N-B5, K-B2; 26.PxP, RxP; 27.R-N5, N-B5; 28.R-N7ch, K-K3; 29.NxQPch, K-Q4; 30.N-B3, NxB; 31.NxR, KxN; 32.R-K7ch, K-Q5; 33.RxP(?) (Up to this point Korchnoy has played very well, but now he begins to slip. It is more accurate to kick the BK further away before taking the pawns. So 33.R-Q1ch) **33. . . . N-B5; 34.R-B4ch** (Now, presumably short of time, he plays a dubious series of checks.) **N-K5; 35.R-Q7ch, K-K6; 36.R-B3ch, K-K7; 37.RxP, N(B5)-Q7; 38.R-QR3, R-QB3;** (Black's first threat) **39.R-R1???** (and it wins immediately. After 39.P-N3, White can scarcely lose.) **N-B6ch! Resigns** (On 40.PxN, R-N3ch; 41.K-R1, N-B7 is mate.)



Problem 99
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 20 September.

Solution to Problem 97
1. B-N5! PxB; 2. PxP, QxP; 3. Q-R5! QxQ (or 3. . . . P-B3; 4. N-K7 mate) 4. N-K7ch, K-R1 (or 2) 5. RxQ mate.

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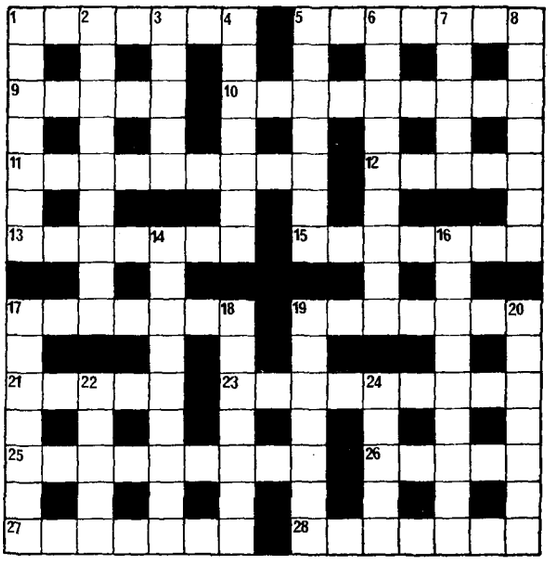
Weekend Crossword 1275

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1275, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 19 September.



ACROSS

1. Weapon I bring up if Monty is missing (7).
5. Be sceptical although including us quietly in a school of thought (7).
9. Fertile spot as one is entered in map? (5).
10. I tire badly during protracted dawdling (9).
11. Perhaps a maiden but possibly I made runs (9).
12. The river for Nell (5).
13. Publications which are the reverse of an ancient work from the London area (7).
15. Islands where a swan is seen in ebbing water (7).
17. Make an old man deceive an Irishman (7).
19. Attacked when female learner was in command (7).
21. Valley which shortens anger (5).
23. Where to keep a supply of wine (9).
25. Unusual five hundred mile race won back again (9).
26. You get food for a penny less than the cost (5).
27. '—— your leaves before the mellowing year' (Milton) (7).
28. Bouquet for the songwriter on the organ (7).

DOWN

1. Looked angry when a man was about to confess (7).
2. Discipline oneself in repose to bring self-control (9).
3. Woman turns and swallows one in the gangway (5).
4. The artist does badly in a backward country (7).
5. Team has heads up although without a victory (7).
6. Select cap wrongly for a showy performance (9).
7. Being expelled from Essex I leave for Surrey (5).
8. More steady but less sober (7).
14. Travelling with one in ten gone astray in the wrong train (9).
16. Shouting for an inventor to be paid (9).
17. Fireworks as one departs in confusion (7).
18. Place which enables a man to make his mark (7).
19. Height gives one something cold to put on (7).
20. Nervous and boring about man pursuing object (7).
22. Doctor tea or coffee (5).
24. Art of Wells (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 9

C	A	R	R	O	T	L	E	M	U	M	P			
A	B	B	E	V	C	O	R	A	N	T	O			
P	R	O	V	O	S	T	S	L	T	O	O			
S	U	F	■	■	O	A	T	■	■	R	R			
S	P	■	E	D	■	R	■	G	L	■	N			
T	T	■	W	A	R	■	A	N	D	■	E			
E	L	■	P	L	E	B	S	S	A	■	S			
R	E	C	■	P	E	A	C	E	■	L	S			
E	R	H	E	■	L	L	R	■	N	K	S			
O	N	E	R	R	■	D	■	C	U	L	E			
M	A	R	C	O	N	■	B	H	E	E	P			
E	P	E	E	N	G	P	E	E	O	Y	S			

Note: Solvers were instructed to black out squares including the letter 'i'.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 9

I. A. Ross (Silverdale)
D. J. Hennings (Epsom)
J. S. Parker (Surbiton)

APPOINTMENTS

THE COMMISSION FOR RACIAL EQUALITY

has a vacancy for a

Senior Social Services Officer
(Senior Executive Officer Grade)

to develop a programme for promoting racial equality in the field of Health & Social Services. He or she will have to work closely with the DHSS, local authorities, voluntary bodies and professional organisations.

Qualifications:
The successful applicant should have a relevant degree or professional qualification, together with a sound knowledge and considerable experience of the duties involved.

Starting salary £5,937 on scale rising by 5 annual stages to £7,032 plus Inner London Weighting £465.

Please send large self-addressed envelope to the **Personnel Section, Commission for Racial Equality, 10/12 Allington Street, London SW1E 5EH** for application form and further details. Completed application forms must be received by the Commission no later than 22 September 1978.

Applications are invited
from suitably
qualified teachers

(preferably a married couple) for teaching positions in Algiers (tenable as from 1 October 1978) at an Algerian Government Institution wishing its employees and cadres to learn English. Salary over £400 p.m. Accommodation and transport provided. Teaching hours mostly in the evening.
The requirements are as follows: experience in teaching English as a foreign language (preferably to adults), B.Ed in Modern Languages or TEFL or H.Dip.Ed or Diploma in TEO.
Applications with curriculum vitae and passport photograph should be sent to: **The Cultural Section, Algerian Embassy, 54 Holland Park, London W11 3RS. Tel. 01-221 7800.**

(Re-advertisement)

Greater London Arts Association
wishes to appoint a
VISUAL ARTS OFFICER

This is an exciting and challenging post concerned with the support of the contemporary arts in London. It will afford an opportunity to a young arts administrator to become creatively involved at the centre of many developments in the visual arts, advising artists, galleries and community projects both in central and Outer London. The Officer will join a small and busy team working in all fields of the arts.

Salary scale: £4,680-£6,003 p.a.

Full details and application forms from:

The Director, Greater London Arts Association, 25/31 Tavistock Place, London WC1H 9SF.

Closing date: Wednesday 27 September.

THE RICHMOND FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

Foremost in the care of the mentally and emotionally disturbed we now have a few vacancies in various parts of the U.K. for A WARDEN and SEVERAL DEPUTIES to direct the therapeutic, administrative and practical programmes of our half-way houses.

We also offer open competition for TRAINEE SCHOLARSHIPS. These are full-time training placements in therapeutic communities with one day per week at our Training Centres in London, Bristol or Manchester. The Assistant Director of Resident Services also needs a SECRETARY/P.A. looking for scope, to work at HQ in London.

Further details and application forms obtainable from:

Assistant Director For Resident Services,
The Richmond Fellowship,
8 Addison Road, London, W14 8DL.
Tel: 01-603 6373.

Amethyst of Reading

is seeking a new

General Secretary

to commence work as soon as possible. He/She will replace the present Secretary who is due to retire within a few months.

The position carries overall responsibility for the operation of a small travel organisation, a mail order business for alcohol-free drinks, a small cafe, general educational work on the problems connected with alcohol, recreational activities etc. There is considerable scope for development. The commencing salary will be in the region of £3,500 — £4,000 according to age and experience.

Applicants should be of good education, total abstainers, preferably associated with a Christian Church, and with some experience in Social Services.

Please write in confidence giving full particulars to:

The Chairman, Amethyst of Reading, C/O 12 Iris Court, Tilehurst, Reading RG3 4JX.

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National Council for
One Parent Families

DIRECTOR

SALARY — £8,000 +

A director is required by the National Council for One Parent Families due to the retirement of the present Director at the end of 1978. The National Council for One Parent Families is the leading national charity that serves Britain's 750,000 one-parent families and their children — the largest group of poor families in this country.
The Director will have final responsibility through the staff for the day-to-day running of the Council within the framework laid down by its Committees.
The work will involve acting as the Council's public representative at the highest levels, developing all aspects of its work, and taking some responsibility for raising money.
Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons with a degree, or social work or other recognised qualifications; ability and experience in management and working with committees and staff are essential. A commitment to the need for improvements for one-parent families is required. Candidates should be skilled in public speaking, writing and dealing with people at all levels. The work will involve some travelling.
Application forms and further information from:
The Director, National Council for One Parent Families, 255 Kentish Town Road, London NW5 2LX. Telephone: 01-267 1361.
Closing date for return of applications **3 October 1978.**

(Re-advertisement)

Greater London Arts Association

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

GLAA, which works on behalf of the arts in London and gives advice and financial help to more than a thousand varied projects each year, needs an energetic Assistant Director. The person appointed will help to manage all aspects of the Association's work with particular emphasis on developing arts centres and general community arts projects and supervising a small, multi-disciplined team. Applicants must have a broad interest in the arts and general management experience (including budget scrutiny and control) in a relevant field.

Salary scale: £6,162-£7,665 p.a.

Full details and application forms from:

David Pratley, Director, Greater London Arts Association, 25/31 Tavistock Place, London WC1H 9SF. Closing date: Monday 2 October. This is a readvertisement; previous candidates need not reapply.

Re-advertisement

INTERNATIONAL LAW

The International Recording Industry's world-wide Federation, **incorporated in Switzerland**, requires an **ADDITIONAL LAWYER** to take charge of activities for the protection of copyrights in the Mediterranean area.

- ★ Professional qualification (Barrister, Solicitor, Avocat, etc.) required, with experience in practice as Lawyer. Practical litigation experience an advantage.
- ★ Excellent English and French essential with a knowledge of Arabic a great advantage.
- ★ Extensive travel involved, at the Federation's expense.
- ★ Working initially from London but later based in the Mediterranean area.
- ★ Salary negotiable according to experience.

Written applications with C.V. and references, or names of referees, should be sent at once to:

P. J. GLASON, IFPI (SECRETARIAT),
123 PALL MALL, LONDON SW1Y 5EA

WORKERS NEEDED

for the

North Wales Employment Resource and Advice Centre.
A new project supported by Urban Aid, Local Authority and charitable funds to help community groups and trades unions to develop schemes to create employment. The work will include development of co-operatives, community use of Government employment schemes and employment law. The base will be central to Gwynedd and Clwyd.

1. **Lawyer — 3 years qualified**
2. **Community employment workers**
3. **Administrative worker**
4. **Secretary**

Further details from: **Elwyn Griffiths, Secretary, NWERAC, Afallon, Tanygrisiau, Bl. Ffestiniog. Tel. Bl. Ffestiniog 531.**

CONSULTANT

Voluntary Services Unit
London

The Unit's work relates to the Home Secretary's general responsibility for the encouragement of voluntary effort and the co-ordination of government policies in relation to Voluntary Social Service. Grants are made to certain voluntary organisations whose work is of interest to several government departments. A consultant is required to advise on the development of work in this field and to carry out some administrative duties. Applicants should be graduates with experience of working with voluntary organisations and a wide knowledge of activities within the voluntary sector. Ideally they should also be familiar with central and/or local government administration. Ability to write fluently is essential. The appointment will be for 2 years in the first instance with possibilities of extensions up to a maximum of 5 years.

Salary will be in the range of £6,791-£8,729 plus £465 London Weighting.

Applications (including a curriculum vitae and stating present salary) should be sent to:– Mrs. M. D. Angus, Home Office, Room 217, Whittington House, 19-30 Alfred Place, London WC1E 7EA by 7th October 1978.

Home Office

NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS

Education And Welfare Manager

A manager is required for NUS's Education and Welfare Department to direct the Union's education and welfare work. A staff of fourteen, the majority of whom are specialists work under the Manager's direction. The work of the department includes both casework for the individual student and for student unions and research on aspects of student welfare including grants, accommodation and welfare provision and on a range of educational matters.

The salary is on a scale from £4,163 to £7,171, inclusive of London weighting and is currently under review. 20 working days holiday in first year of service. Further particulars are available from: **The Manager, Education and Welfare Department, NUS, 302 Pentonville Road, London N1.** 01-278 3291. Candidates should apply in writing, including a curriculum vitae. Closing date **21 September.**

ASSISTANT

in Research Department

required by trade union headquarters. The small Research Department services all headquarters officers with information on current industrial relation topics and assists in preparations for national pay negotiations.

A knowledge of mathematics to 'A' level is desirable and accuracy with figures is essential.

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Applications by letter to:

Deputy General Secretary (EH),
Institution of Professional Civil Servants,
3/7 Northumberland Street, London WC2N 5BS.

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Education Officer

Required by the
GENERAL FEDERATION OF TRADE UNIONS

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— an organisation working to provide services for the formation and development of housing co-operatives — requires a skilled and energetic

Administrator/ Secretary

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requires

Person

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Further details from: The Establishment Officer, University of East Anglia, Norwich NR4 7TJ, to whom applications should be sent by 13 October 1978.

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APA £3,862 — £4,215
(under review)

A Marketing Officer is required by the Regional Arts Association for the North-West, to take responsibility for publicity, press and public relations, marketing of arts events directly and indirectly connected with the Association, and production of the monthly publication 'The Artful Reporter'. Experience in at least one of the following is essential: publicity, marketing, press and public relations, journalism, and arts promotion.

Application forms and further information from: Ms D. Doniger, North-West Arts, 52 King St., Manchester M2 4LY. Tel.: 061-833 9471.

Closing date: 25 September.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
requires
RESEARCHER

for the Middle East Department. To investigate human rights situations and individual cases in the Middle East. Work involves preparing prisoner biographies, background reports, briefing missions and formulating policy. Candidates should have a specialist knowledge of and an interest in the area, its history and politics, and objective political judgement are essential, together with a background in related academic studies. Fluent English, and a knowledge of Arabic essential; knowledge of Farsi an asset. Salary £4,680 per annum. Closing date 6 October 1978. Position will be based in London. Application from Caroline Reeson, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF or phone 01-836 7788, Ext. 289.

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The work involves preparing documents and servicing TUC committees. Candidates should have a Trade Union background, administrative ability and appropriate qualifications.

Write for further details and application form to: THE SECRETARY, ORGANISATION AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS DEPARTMENT, CONGRESS HOUSE, GT. RUSSELL ST., LONDON WCIB 3LS.

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LATIN AMERICA archive seeking full-time staff for subject indexing with computer system, research and other work on current social political and economic developments. Spanish/Portuguese required. Normal salary £2,750. Send cv and two references by 29 September, or ask further information: CALA, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1. Tel: 01-487 5277.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY/Development Officer for Co-operative Women's Guild. 25-40 years. Salary around £3,000 p.a. Application forms from 342 Hoe Street Walthamstow E17 9PX.

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OUTPOSTS. POETS INVITED for future issues. Sae to Howard Sergeant, 72 Burwood Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, KT12 4AL.

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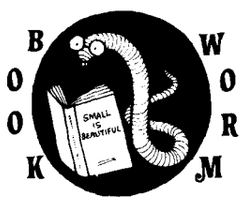

DISCWORM

Our edition of 22 September will contain a special 'bookworm' and 'discworm' column. Any books, publications or records can be advertised for just 50 pence a line. (Av. 6 words a line, min 2 lines, Box No. 50p). Copy must arrive by midday 18 September. Please enclose remittance with order and send now to: **Bookworm, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1 or Tel: Vicky Hutchings 01-405 4912.**

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Courses

Continued from p. 316

FRENCH INSTITUTE
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POLITICAL JOURNALIST seeks s/c bed-sitter, central/north London. £20 p.w. maximum. Box 2506.

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CAN WE SURVIVE the era of nuclear weapons? The Centre Party believes that the human race can only avoid self-extinction by switching to popular sovereignty. Details: J. D. Waters, 83 Donnington Court, Donnington Road, London NW10 3TJ.

OFFICIAL INTRODUCTORY '101' to Transactional Analysis. An opportunity to get a coherent and comprehensive grasp of TA theory by learning through playing. 23 and 24 September. Also 21 and 22 October. Dream Workshop 16 September. TA/Gestalt Weekend 7 and 8 October. For times, costs, bookings contact Corinne Gledhill, 8A, Provisional Clinical Teaching Member ITAA, 208 Ashley Gardens, Emery Hill Street, London SW1. Tel: 01-828 4415.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, PSYCHOLOGIST. Formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

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RETURNED VOLUNTEERS Lecturer, Cambridge graduate, with teaching experience in Africa, wishing to return for a further period, seeks contact with female with similar interests. Box 2422.

VERY MYOPIC man, American, (Anglophile) 49, divorced, lettered, literate, travelled, unencumbered, seeks UK female, (35-55) with similar ophthalmological malady for commiseration, mutuality, association, direction et all. Frequent in UK. Box 2518.

UNIV. SOC. scientist (f) now div., seeks left-wing (m) friend, 35-45, for outings to plays, films, concerts — incg jazz. (Mere sexual adventurer too boring). Box 2414.

E. ANGLIAN ENGINEER. Widower, int. music, architecture, history, seeks lady 35-45 as wife. Box 2542.

CAN AN INTELLIGENT LADY, mid-thirties perhaps, alone, attractive, not tall, yet sensitive, warm, humorous, gentle, an aesthete, music-loving, caring for pets and plants, write or telephone reciprocal male, fifties, fit, vigorous, working (but with ideas for escaping into clean air). Mutuality sought in caring, humour partnership, listening, counselling, learning. Interests include the musical, literary and poetic, reading and being read to, travel, exploration of mountains and mankind, winter teas, country crafts, nutrition, baking Lucullian bread, small is beautiful, opera, Wagner, Britten, Brahms, Ligetti, the search for stillness in one with a reverence for life and yet fire in the belly. Intolerances are — intolerance, sloth, clamour. Box 2543.

IF YOU HAVE KEPT YOUR FIGURE when all about you are losing theirs, if you are a fiftyish fancy female and fancy free then you might fancy me. Fancy! Box 2544.

MALE GRADUATE (24), Coventry area decided all intg women married/engaged. Hopes you can prove him wrong Box 2549.

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CULTIVATED, independent gentleman with genuine enjoyment in feminine companionship, would find mutual appreciation in mature lady with catholic tastes and interests. Tel. no. welcomed. Box 2548.

RETURNING FROM HOLIDAY even more alone? Lively divorcée seeks similar professional or creative man, forties, to share the pleasures of town and country living, and perhaps a better holiday next year. Box 2522.

ATTRACTIVE MAN, Devon based, 40, well-educ., self employed, sks attractive, warm, intell., home-loving younger woman. Box 2520.

UK GRADUATE STUDENT in USA, 30, tall, quiet and handsome, seeks refined, intelligent and well-educated woman with Olde Worlde charm. Live at Uncle Sam's Box 2502.

IS THERE AN AWARE female who'd like to meet male industrial journalist, 32, with own London home and respect for simple things? Box 2491.

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EMPLOYEE, divorced, graduated, 1.77 metres, 69 kilogrammes, 35 years old, wishes to meet serious girl, approx. same size, not older than 29. Likes children, sea, agriculture. Address: Patente 737883, Fermo Posta Ostiense, Roma 00153.

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PRETTY WITTY woman, 45, seeks bright, bookish man. London/Surrey. Box 2556.

NORTHERN GRADUATE ENGINEER — widower, 50, changing course — with a developing idea which really needs feminine help & support, would be glad to meet widow (30 to 40). Youngsters a positive asset. Prompt answer to all replies. Box 2504.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 40s, self employed, youthful appearance, broken marriage, seeks professional man/graduate, humanitarian outlook, tall, well-groomed, about 50, who enjoys cultural pursuits, homelife, travel for mutual support, share interests, possibly marriage. London/Oxford areas. Box 2443.

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Vol. 96 No. 2477

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE. (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Info. 836 5332. Shakespeare's 'As You Like It' and 'Coriolanus' in repertoire. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Pete Atkin's 'A & R' and Peter Flannery's 'Savage Amusement'.

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NATIONAL THEATRE 928 2252. 'Macbeth', 'The Woman', 'The Philanderers', 'Plenty', 'Plunder', Promenade perfs 'Lark Rise'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT 730 1745. Prevs 8 p.m. opens 12 Sept 7 p.m. subs eves 8, Sats 5 & 8.30 Nicol Williamson in John Osborne's 'Inadmissable Evidence'.

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SOCIAL EVENING. 8 p.m. Namibian music, dancing, food, etc. (Proceeds to Kassinga appeal). Inquiries: 01-388 5539.

FABIAN book sale. Tues 12 September at 8 p.m. 11 Dartmouth St. SW1. Books and owners welcome. Drinks available.

MICHAEL FOOT and Richard May (Finchley's prospective Labour candidate) speak on Wednesday, 13 Sept., 7.45 p.m. at Christ's College, Hendon Lane, Church End, Finchley, N3. (5 min from Finchley Central Underground).

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy, Sun. 10 Sept. 8 p.m. All welcome. S.a.e. free pamphlet, talks programme, booklist. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

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GAY IS OK, a one-day counselling workshop to help gay people examine and enjoy their lifestyle. NW London, Sun. 17 Sept. 10 a.m. - 9 p.m. Fee £11.50. Leader: Laurence Collinson. Details, bookings, 01-328 7894.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Blind Lane, Bourne End, Bucks (tel. 06285 26464); Sun 10 Sept. Swami Bhavyananda on 'The Gospel of Divine Love' at 4 p.m. All welc. Vedanta mag 50p.

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